# The Outlook

MARCH 29, 1922

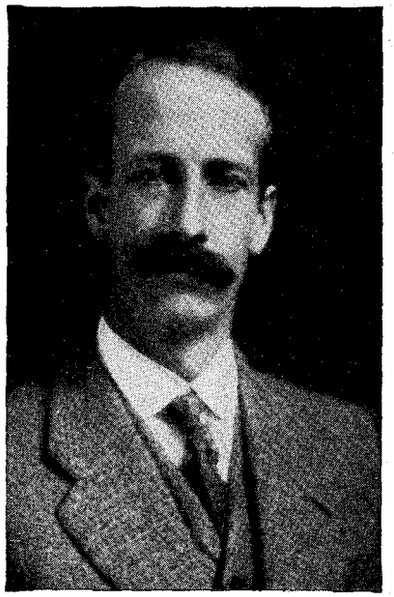
## HITTING BELOW THE BELT

BITTERNESS and unfair fighting characterized the debate on the Four-Power Treaty last week.

No field of public discussion calls for more discretion, knowledge, and regard for the ordinary courtesies than that of foreign relations; and yet it seems as if this debate on the Four-Power Treaty had furnished a disproportionate number of instances of indiscretion, ignorance, and discourtesy. On Monday of last week the debate went even beyond the bounds of what is expected of the ordinary patriotic citizen. Based upon the report of a speech by the well-known New York lawyer Paul D. Cravath, an attack was made upon the good faith of the President and the members of the delegation to the Armament Conference. Mr. Cravath had referred to the advantage to the United States of understanding between the United States and Great Britain. Mr. Cravath's words were twisted into a statement that there was a secret understanding between the British and American Governments. Mr. Cravath forcefully denied that he intended any such statement. Even if he had intended it, no Senator had any business to base upon it a reflection upon the President or the delegates. Senators who take advantage of the immunity they enjoy by speaking on the floor of the Senate from having such an attack characterized as it deserves to be are hitting below the belt. We are surprised to find Senator Borah joining in this attack; for he has the reputation of fighting fairly.

The general strategy of the attack on the Four-Power Treaty has seemed to be as follows: Make an accusation, no matter how preposterous; when called upon to furnish evidence, respond by saying that the lack of evidence is proof of secrecy in the negotiations. An editorial on the political aspects of this debate appears on another page.

The vote upon the Four-Power Treaty was set for Friday, March 24—after the day The Outlook goes to press. Unless that vote is unexpectedly postponed, the results will be known by the time this issue of The Outlook reaches its readers. The indications early in the week were that the treaty would be approved by a small margin over the required two-thirds majority. If the treaty is approved, undoubtedly the other signatory nations—Great Britain, France, and Japan—will ratify it as well as America. When the ratifications are exchanged, the four nations will be bound to respect one another's rights in the Pacific, and, in case of any dispute among themselves or with another Power concerning the Pacific, to confer. Upon the exchange of ratifications the Anglo-Japanese Alliance will be terminated.



HAVEN EMERSON

## PATHOLOGY AND POLITICS

"PATHOLOGY does not halt for politics. The tubercle bacillus and the damaged brain do not await indefinitely the provision of rest, gentleness, security, freedom from anxiety, skilled medical and nursing care. The diseases are relentless and rapid when the victim is left at the mercy of jails or almshouse wardens, or is crowded and treated like a barrack-room loafer while political cliques and parties dicker for votes."

These are the words of Haven Emerson, the distinguished physician and former Health Commissioner of the City of New York, who recently withdrew from the Veterans' Bureau because politics interfered with professional efficiency. Dr. Emerson's article in next week's Outlook is a compact and vivid account of the history of the Government's effort to care for the veterans of the war.

## THE EXPLOSIVE GROWTH OF RADIO

SECRETARY HOOVER, who has the engineer's respect for the restraint of facts, said at the recent Radio Conference at Washington:

> We have witnessed in the last four or five months one of the most astounding things that has come under my observation in American life. This Department estimates that today over 600,000 (one estimate being 1,000,000) persons possess wireless telephone receiving sets, whereas there were less than 50,000 such sets a year ago.

As a consequence of this enormous growth—more like an explosion than a normal development—in the number of those who are sending and receiving communications through the ether, the present law regulating radio messages is quite obsolete. It was enacted some ten years ago, and utterly fails to meet the present advanced conditions. Under that law the Secretary of Commerce is obliged to grant a license to any transmitting applicant, and there are very few regulations which are binding under the law.

Other and later regulations of the Department are more comprehensive; but even these are not all up to the present demand, and, moreover, they are only departmental regulations and cannot be legally enforced.

The Radio Conference at Washington was only a preliminary conference to be followed by another, probably in April. The purpose of these conferences is to make all the recommendations which are now, and are likely to be, necessary for Congressional enactment to regulate and encourage radio uses and practices.

There are still a good many million people in this country who find the terminology of this new method of human intercommunication unintelligible; but there are hundreds of thousands of young people still in their teens to whom such terms as crystal detectors, amplifier tubes, variometers, and vacuum arrestors are as familiar as spark plugs, differentials, and inner tubes have become to the many thousands who drive their own automobiles.

Even those who do not own radio receiving sets should know some of the radio terms by reading the news of the day. They should understand that the currents that silently carry the sound through the ether are of various wave lengths. The difference in these wave lengths makes it possible for many different communications to be passing through the ether at the same time without confusion. In order that interference between different kinds of communications may be avoided the Department of Commerce Conference on Radio Telephony recommends that these wave



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lengths to be allocated in bands to different uses as follows:

| [Note. For example: to amateurs are allotted waves from 275 meters long to 150 meters.] Use | Wave Length, Meters. |
|---|---|
| 1. Transoceanic radio telephone experiments, non-exclusive. | 6,000<br>5,000 |
| 2. Fixed service radio telephony, non-exclusive. | 3,300<br>2,850 |
| 3. Mobile service radio telephony, non-exclusive. | 2,650<br>2,500 |
| 4. Government broadcasting, non-exclusive. | 2,050<br>1,850 |
| 5. Fixed station radio telephony, non-exclusive. | 1,650<br>1,550 |
| 6. Aircraft radio telephony and telegraphy, exclusive. | 1,550<br>1,500 |
| 7. Government and public broadcasting. | 1,500<br>1,050 |
| 8. Radio beacons, exclusive. | 1,050<br>950 |
| 9. Aircraft radio telephony and telegraphy, exclusive. | 950<br>850 |
| 10. Radio compass, exclusive. | 850<br>750 |
| 11. Government and public broadcasting, 700 miles inland. | 750<br>700 |
| 12. Mobile radio telephony, non-exclusive. | 750<br>650 |
| 13. Mobile radio telegraphy, exclusive. | 650<br>525 |
| 14. Aircraft radio telephony and telegraphy, exclusive. | 525<br>500 |
| 15. Private and toll broadcasting, exclusive. | 435<br>310 |
| 16. Restricted special amateur radio telegraphy, non-exclusive. | 310 |
| 17. City and State public safety broadcasting, exclusive. | 285<br>275 |
| 18. Technical and training schools (shared with amateur). | 275<br>200 |
| 19. Amateur (exclusive, 150 to 200 meters). (Shared with technical and training schools, 200 to 275 meters.) | 275<br>150 |
| 20. Reserved. | Below 150 |

## LONG-DISTANCE DOCTORING

A FEW weeks ago there appeared a news item which attracted wide attention, wonder, and comment. A sick man had been treated by wireless. The man was at sea. The doctor who prescribed was on land. It sounded incredible, or at least very experimental. Captain Robert Huntington, Principal of the Navigation, Marine Engineering and Radio School of the Seamen's Church Institute, New York City, and the Rev. Archibald R. Mansfield, D.D., superintendent of the Institute, are the ones who have made this miracle of "healing the sick by wireless" a world-wide accomplishment. For soon it will be world-wide.

For the past year ships at sea not having a doctor have called KDKF, which is the distress call sent to the Institute's radio station on the top of its building. The symptoms of the one who was ill far at sea have then been given to the Institute. The Institute has then communicated at once with a Public Health Service doctor, who has sent back directions of the treatment to be used.

Ships near at hand have sent KDKF calls, and the radio operator at the Seamen's Church Institute, having been given the particulars, has had an ambulance ready to meet the man when he was brought ashore. All this can be done within twenty minutes.

But now the work has become something widespread and united. Only twenty-five per cent of merchant vessels carry doctors. At last the Institute has succeeded in making compulsory a course in first aid training before a ship's officer is given his certificate. It has also prepared a "First Aid Manual." It has also insisted upon the recognition of an old law which ordered every ship to carry a medicine chest and first aid equipment.

These have at last been accomplished, though not easily. Evidently seamen were not supposed to be ill!

Concussions, injuries, accidents of all kinds, appendicitis, fevers, broken limbs, pneumonia, have been treated by wireless. For now the work is knitted together. There are men on the ships who know something of first aid and medical service and who can work directed by doctors who are sending their directions by radio.

In a few weeks now it will be world-wide. The Radio Corporation of America is ready to put into immediate effect a free medical service between ships of any nation and such hospitals as are chosen, using their marine coastal stations for this purpose. These KDKF messages received will be given preferred attention with the exception of SOS signals. The coastal stations chosen have been Chatham, Massachusetts; Siasconset, Massachusetts; Bush Terminal, New York; Cape May, New Jersey; and San Francisco. The final word from Washington will be coming through at any moment as to the last decisions upon stations, and in notifying the doctors in the public health stations to serve ships under all flags. And this news has been posted in notices set up in all ports, consulates, vessels, all over the world.

## IN AID OF HEALTH AND HYGIENE

THE largest single gift in money ever made from one institution to another has just been announced. The amount is six million dollars and the gift is from the Rockefeller Foundation to the Johns Hopkins University—and that of course means that the funds come largely from Mr. John D. Rockefeller.

The intention is to spend about one million dollars in buildings and the income of the rest of the money for supplying the needs of Faculty, equipment, and maintenance. The Johns Hopkins University receives a free hand in the management of the enterprise.

The School of Hygiene and Public Health thus largely endowed is the only institution of this kind in the country. It has been in existence for several years on a smaller scale, and, as we understand it, the support has come from the Rockefeller Foundation. Now it is to be very decidedly enlarged, and it will offer courses leading to degrees of doctor of public health, doctor of science and hygiene, and bachelor of science and hygiene, while a certificate in public health will be given to those satisfactorily completing prescribed courses. Public health officers and physicians are expected to take advantage of these courses. Already about one hundred and thirty students are enrolled.

It would be difficult to name any disposition of accumulated wealth that promises greater practical results for the human race than such donations as this. The field of untouched ground in medical science is largely dependent on the work of those who have been grounded in precisely those sciences which are to be mastered in an institution like this.

## THE TEXTILE STRIKE IN RHODE ISLAND

FROM such facts as we have been able to gather, the strike in the cotton mills throughout Rhode Island only secondarily involves the question of wages or hours. Primarily, it involves questions of good faith. If the employees believed in the sincerity and the good will of the mill-owners' representatives, and if the mill-owners' representatives believed in the sincerity and good will of the employees' unions, the question of hours and of wages would never have been submitted to the tribunal of industrial war.

As we understand it, the employees have struck because they do not believe that there is any reason for reducing wages or increasing working hours; but they are willing to arbitrate the question, and go so far as to say that if it can be shown that the mills cannot be run at a profit without reducing wages they will accept a reduction.

In reply, the representatives of the mill-owners, we understand, are unwilling to arbitrate, partly because they do

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# MORE IN POLICY THAN IN MALICE

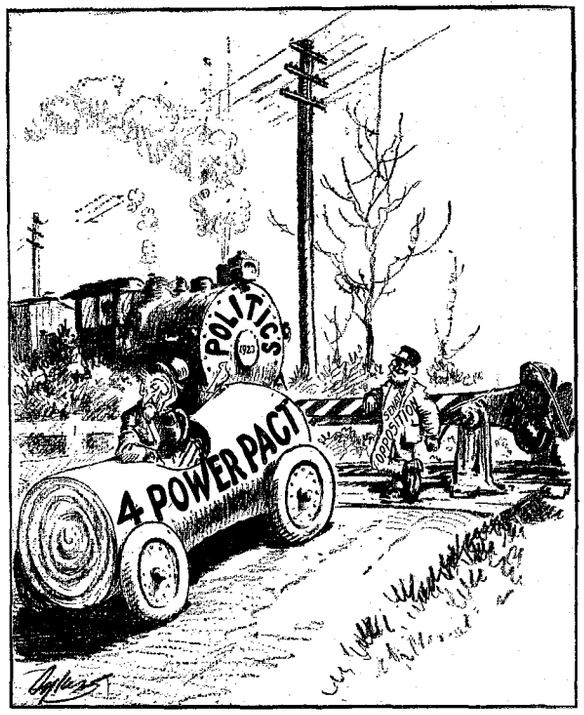
*(Othello, Act II, Scene 3)*

*Sykes in the Buffalo Commercial*

"'ERE'S 'OPING!"
"'ERE'S 'OPING!"

From Julius J. H. Hayn, Buffalo, N. Y.

*Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger*




"HO-HUM!"

From Frederick Eissler, Philadelphia

*Cassel in the Knoxville Sentinel*

"TRYING TO GET RID OF IT!"

From Mrs. Patterson Miller, Russellville, Tenn.

*From the New York Times*

"IT'S ON THE MENU—BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW TO MAKE IT!"

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not wish to show their books to men who might take advantage of what those books would show, and partly because they distrust certain influential members of the employees' union whom they regard as radical and destructive.

The employees, in brief, distrust the Rhode Island Textile Association, and the employers distrust the United Textile Workers' Union.

The root of the whole matter in this strike, as in many other strikes, is in misunderstanding. If employers and employees could sit around a table and tell each other all the facts, and talk those facts over, we do not believe the strike would last two days. This is the way the matter seems to us in its present stage. We have a representative on the ground getting information at first hand on which to base a fuller account in a later issue. There are many elements in this situation that are interesting; but none of them are so vital as this need of establishing a basis for mutual understanding and confidence.

## A CORRECTION OF DENOMINATIONAL STATISTICS

RECENTLY The Outlook reported figures issued by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ concerning gains and losses in the membership of various denominations. According to these figures, the Unitarian denomination had suffered a loss of nearly forty per cent in five years. This is, we now learn, an error. It was based upon an estimate made by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ from the figures in the Unitarian Year Book. According to Unitarian authorities, the denomination reports a constituency of 103,936—a gain, according to the Government report, of nearly 26 per cent. The error arose in comparing the figures of the affiliated constituency in one year with the formal membership of another. At the same time The Outlook cited the Federal Council's figures showing a gain of only sixty-five members in the Salvation Army. This was an error in the Salvation Army's own report. In a moment of haste in getting out the report a clerk omitted certain figures. The true gain of the Salvation Army was 10,565.

## ANOTHER VAN DYCK AT THE METROPOLITAN

OPPOSITE this page the reader will find an illustration of the Gottignies portrait by Anthony van Dyck. It is a good example of the painter's work, and the Metropolitan Museum, in New York City, is the richer by this bequest by the late Edmund C. Converse.

One hardly realizes that the artist died as long ago as 1641, so vivid is this picture. Like all of the painter's, its coloring is cooler than it would have been had his forerunner, that other great Fleming, Rubens, painted the portrait. True, in that case it might have had more robustness, energy, and imagination—for there can be such a thing as imagination in portraiture. What it would not have had, however, is its restful refinement, noble distinction, and exquisite execution; indeed, it has not a little of the delicacy and grace of the later Fleming's drawings and etchings. He was superior to Rubens both in accuracy of observation and in a certain spiritual insight. The portraits of Rubens were wonderful pictures of course, but they were emphatically pictures in the first place and only portraits in the second; the reverse is the case with his follower.

This is not saying that when Anthony van Dyck painted a portrait it was ideal. It often seemed so because he knew perfectly how to paint the only people he ever painted—namely, nobles. They are always charming, elegant, dignified, well-bred, and with just a tinge of very aristocratic melancholy. There is, however, no such passion, no such effect of life mixed with the paint, no such character, as some other portrait painters have known how to put on canvas. Perhaps this particular portrait painter's own character was not sufficient for the task. Even the men and women in the subjects taken from the life of Christ seem made up of the nobility. One wonders what this painter of elegance would have done with some of Rembrandt's subjects, whether sacred or secular, where the characters belong to all classes of society.

This is not saying that this Fleming did not paint sacred subjects with power. He did, but he rose to his greatest heights as a portraitist. Over seventy of his portraits are in England, where he lived many years. It has been said of him that he became as truly English as Claude Lorraine became Italian.

Charles I invited Anthony van Dyck to England, appointed him court painter, knighted him, gave him an apartment at Blackfriars, and granted him a pension. It is appropriate that one of the Fleming's masterpieces, "The Children of Charles I," should be at Windsor Castle. Replicas of this subject in slightly differing manners—all painted by Sir Anthony—are, however, familiar to visitors to the Dresden, Turin, and other galleries. The painter's finest portrait of the King who had so singularly honored him is at the Louvre in Paris. Other canvases of great merit may be found in the National Gallery in London, in the Amsterdam, Berlin, Munich, Cassel, and Vienna galleries, and at the Metropolitan Museum in New York City.

More influential upon him than the years spent in London (where he became the founder of the school of portraiture as represented by Reynolds, Rembrandt, Gainsborough, and the rest) were the years spent in Italy, especially at Genoa. The palaces of the Genoese nobility formed a "happy hunting-ground" for him, indeed. To realize this, one needs but to visit those palaces to-day and see the portraits there.

## THE PRESERVATION OF FORESTS

LAST summer a rumor arose that, in a plan of general departmental reorganization, the transfer of the Forest Service in the Department of Agriculture to the Interior Department was contemplated.

A spontaneous expression of public opinion took place, the preponderant opinion being that the change would be detrimental to the best interests of the public. For instance, the Penobscot Forestry Club, of Bangor, Maine, whose members have no connection with the United States Forest Service, declared: "A transfer of the Forest Service to another department would result in a changed forest policy, detrimental to the public interest." The Maine Forestry Association adds, "The proposed transfer would be a severe blow to the present high efficiency of the Forest Service." The Pennsylvania State Forest Commission pronounces the proposed transfer "unnecessary, unjust, and dangerous to the cause of forestry." The North Carolina Forestry Association declares: "We strongly condemn the movement to transfer the activity of the Forest Service." The California State Board of Forestry records "emphatic disapproval of such transfer." The Society of American Foresters calls it "one of the most serious attacks which has yet been made on the conservation movement in this country."

In a recent number of "American Forestry" Colonel Henry S. Graves, formerly United States Forester, discusses this matter as follows:

> The task of forestry is so intimately related to the agricultural development of the country that it cannot be successfully worked out as an undertaking separate from agriculture. In the long run, fully sixty per cent of the forests of the country will be in relatively small holdings, and must be developed in correlation with the intermingled farm lands. Many of these small holdings will be owned by farmers and be managed as a part of their farm enterprise.
>
> The first benefits of this public en-

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Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

A NEW ACQUISITION OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART—PORTRAIT OF MADEMOISELLE DE GOTTIGNIES, BY ANTHONY VAN DYCK

A bequest of Edmund C. Converse

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terprise are to the communities, industries, and individuals located in their vicinities. . . . Their influence in the strengthening of a prosperous rural civilization cannot be overestimated.

The Forest Service utilizes to a large extent the existing co-operative organization of the Department of Agriculture. The transfer of the Forest Service to another department would enormously complicate such co-operation, if it did not practically put a stop to it.

"American Forestry" notes editorially that President Harding, in his recent speech before the National Agricultural Congress, emphasized the close relationship between forestry and agriculture, and adds: "This relationship is one of the best arguments in favor of allowing the National Forests to remain under the jurisdiction of the Department of Agriculture."

## THE FORESTRY ISSUE

THUS one of Theodore Roosevelt's great constructive achievements is in danger—the Forest Service. In the Roosevelt Administration Gifford Pinchot was Forester. In a recent letter Mr. Pinchot thus summarizes the present situation:

In the Department of Agriculture, where they are now, the Forest Service and the National Forests are safe and well managed. . . . Their purpose is to grow trees, and they belong naturally in the Department which has to do with growing all crops, including tree crops. . . .

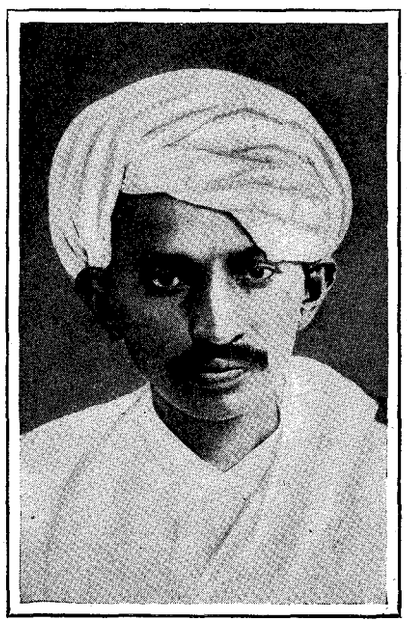
The Interior Department is the real estate agent of the Government. It is not the business of a real estate agent to grow crops on forest or farm. As a matter of fact, when the Interior Department had charge of the National Forests, years ago, they were so badly handled that President Roosevelt was forced to insist upon their transfer to the Department of Agriculture. The modern progress of forestry in America dates from that change.

The Forest Service has little business with the Department of the Interior, and what it has is rapidly diminishing. It has many times more business with the other bureaus of the Department of Agriculture, and that business is rapidly increasing. . . . There is not one sound reason of any kind for the proposed transfer.

The Forest Service participated in no way in this discussion, and, so far as we know, has not been a party to the agitation of the possible effect on the service of the general reorganization plan.

Independently of this plan, bills providing for the transfer of this service, in whole or in part, were placed before Congress. Of these bills, two affect the administration of the Alaska forests. The views of the Forest Service were officially presented to the Congressional committees. In his annual report Colonel Greeley, United States Forester, discussed the subject. He had also discussed it in an article published in "American Forestry," which was given to that magazine several months before the new Federal Administration took office. But neither against the Alaska bills nor against the measure providing for the transfer of the Forest Service bodily to the Interior Department has the Forest Service conducted any campaign of propaganda to which might be ascribed the rising tide of public sentiment against their enactment.

The rising of this tide may be due to the utterances of the Secretary of the Interior. He has openly advocated the transfer, and has adversely criticised the work, methods, and purposes of the Department of Agriculture in its Forest Service. Under date of March 4, 1922, the Department of the Interior gave out a statement from him attacking, as he said, "Pinchot and Pinchotism, Greeley and Greeleyism," thus making it clear how the Secretary would move if the transfer were effected.



Keystone

MOHANDAS GANDHI

## IMMIGRATION AND CITIZENSHIP

SINCE its passage last May, the present law has resulted in reducing the net number of new immigrants to this country to so small a number that, in the opinion of Representative Albert Johnson, Chairman of the Immigration Committee, it is probable that more aliens have gone out of the United States than have come in. This is certainly a change from the over eight hundred thousand immigrants who came into the United States during the year immediately preceding, and the more than twelve hundred thousand immigrants in 1914.

The aliens who have lately come in have not the same quality of "assimilability" as the old immigrants, say some critics—that is to say, they do not so easily weld into American life and are not so eager for citizenship.

In the March number of the "Survey Graphic" Mr. John Palmer Gavit indicates that the real test of naturalization is the degree to which a people have suffered oppression at home and that it is the subject peoples who, in their hunger for freedom, become naturalized quickest. Thus, in his opinion, the racial differences now noticed in our present immigration as compared with former years do not really represent inherent racial qualities in their effect upon our citizenship; the differences should be interpreted in the light of the political, social, and economic conditions at the time of migration in the country of origin. "Those nations whose people are most free from tyranny and oppression," says Mr. Gavit, "and most contented with the conditions under which they live at home, send the fewest immigrants to America; their immigrants come at a later age, and, when they do come, they retain longest or altogether their original citizenship."

## THE CONVICTION OF GANDHI

WHEN Mohandas Gandhi was arraigned in Ahmedabad for preaching disaffection toward the British Government in India, he readily pleaded guilty and said that he would cheerfully submit to any penalty to be inflicted, remarking that if the judge believed that his activity was injurious to the public welfare the judge had no alternative to infliction of punishment except resignation. At the same time Gandhi declared that if released he should carry on his preaching, making non-violence the first and last article of his faith, with no ill will against individual administrators or disaffection towards the King's person.

Gandhi's statement in court has not been very fully reported, but it is evident that he has no confidence in constitutional changes in the Government of India; he laid great stress on the fact that work in the homes of India has been ruined, and he declared that "England and the town dwellers would have to answer to God for this crime against humanity." This is a significant indication of the underlying philosophy of Gandhi, which is that huge manufacturing plants, the use of machinery in place of skilled hand work, the loss of the individual touch and art, as, for instance, in the weaving of rugs—all this new Western commercial activity is inconsis-

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tent with the spiritual and natural development of the people.

In sentencing Gandhi to a term of six years' imprisonment, the judge said that it was impossible to ignore the fact that "in the eyes of millions of his countrymen Gandhi was a great patriotic leader and a man of high ideals, leading a noble, even a saintly life; but his duty was to judge him as a man who admitted he had broken the law."

There was no violence or public disturbance in India after the conviction. Gandhi's own efforts for tranquillity and his mild utterances at the trial helped preserve a quiet attitude on the part even of the extremists among the opponents of British rule.

As to the policy of the arrest and conviction of Gandhi, opinions differ. On the one hand, it is proverbially dangerous to make a martyr of such a man; on the other hand, the British Government has a serious task in governing three hundred million natives, and it would be impossible, for the sake of India itself, that Great Britain should lay down that task at this time, so that it is argued that to show weakness in the presence of disaffection would be the worst possible course.

### WHAT THE RUSSIANS SAY

Two letters have reached The Outlook office from Russia concerning the work of the American Relief Administration. The first letter reads in part:

> When first I visited this region, . . . the children, aged by privation, had the same look in their eyes as dogs who could not even sniff a bare bone without wearing all outward signs of a guilty conscience. Now, however, I find the future *muzjiks* sliding down hill and enjoying all the fresh air romp that a child a hundred per cent alive could enjoy.

The second letter says:

> Packages received. Many, many thanks. The two boxes you sent last summer arrived broken and robbed. This way of sending food products is safest and the best. I am hoping to get more later.

Even the extreme radicals and Bolshevists now state that all other methods than that of the American Relief Administration of sending food into Russia are ineffective.

To show how effectively the work of the American Relief Administration is being furthered by our Government we have but to remember that President Harding signed the twenty-million-dollar Russian Relief Bill towards the end of December. It established a Purchasing Commission. The Commission has bought seven million bushels of corn; all has been shipped. Twelve of the ships containing it have arrived at Novorossisk, and two at Odessa, on the Black Sea. They were met with speeches of welcome from the local officials, by bands, and detachments of soldiers to do honor to the occasion. The Commission has also bought some two million bushels of seed wheat; most is on the water.

Sixty-one ships are on the ocean or in the Mediterranean or are attempting to break through the ice in the Baltic Sea or are now loading with relief supplies.

Secretary Hoover has made a report to President Harding concerning the connection alleged to exist between the Russian Soviet Government and Communistic work in this country, under the guise of relief for Russia. Appeals from the new Russian Red Cross, whose directing head here is an agent of the Soviet Government, appear to be Communistic, for, as Mr. Hoover says, the Russian Red Cross is a reconstruction of the pre-war Russian organization under the general control of the Soviet Government. The committees in this country affiliated with it have apparently secured large amounts of money through appeals, doubtless genuine, for the famine distress, but, the Secretary adds, "their interest in Bolshevism and the maintenance of Soviet institutions is openly paramount."

## PARTISANSHIP AND TREATY MAKING

ONE of the interesting features of the debate in the Senate on the treaties signed at the Arms Conference was a speech by Senator John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi. Senator Williams is one of the scholarly men of the Senate. His experience of more than a quarter of a century as a member of Congress and his knowledge of history, literature, laws, and political institutions often enable him to get at the very heart of a legislative question. It is a misfortune both for himself and for the country that his emotions sometimes overcome his reason. But for this defect he might have exercised a much more profound influence upon the course of contemporary American history than he has.

In the speech to which we refer Senator Williams denounced partisanship in the ratification of treaties. "If a Republican President," he said, "had sent the Treaty of Versailles to this body, three-fourths of you, including the Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Lodge) would have voted for it; and if Mr. Wilson had sent these treaties [the treaties negotiated at the recent Arms Conference] to this body two-thirds of you would be supporting them, including the Senator from Nebraska (Mr. Hitchcock) and the Senator from Montana (Mr. Walsh)." Continuing, Senator Williams made the following interesting suggestion:

> I am a little tired of one situation under our Constitutional Government, although I worship the Constitution. I am tired of an international situation under which one man over one-third, in this body, not representative of the people but representative solely of the States, can defeat any international agreement into which the United States has proposed to enter.
>
> I think the next amendment you had better add to the Constitution would be one substituting for two-thirds of the Senate as the colleague of the President to ratify a treaty, a majority of the two houses in joint Congress assembled. I am tired of allowing one over one-third to make us the laughing stock of the civilized association of nations. No matter with what overwhelming majority of views this Government and its constituencies may enter into an agreement with any other Power on the surface of this earth, one man over one-third of this august body (called by itself "august") can defeat it.
>
> Talk about autocracy! Talk about minority rule! Talk about overcoming and overstepping the will of the majority! Our Constitution enables a minority of one over one-third to do whatever it pleases in all our international agreements, and, unfortunately, you cannot get rid of the other nations except by exterminating them, killing them, or pushing them off the globe, and no legislative method has ever been invented for doing that.

We share Senator Williams's reluctance to tinker with the Constitution. There ought to be very careful thought before any attempt is made to modify the treaty-making power. We doubt whether the way to remedy the defect which Senator Williams so clearly points out is to give a majority of both houses of Congress the power to ratify a treaty.

It is, however, perfectly true that partisanship and personal prejudice have altogether too much influence on the ratification of treaties by the Senate. For the fifty years that have elapsed since the Civil War the treaty-making power of the United States has been so blocked and interfered with by pettiness in the Senate that our foreign relations have been dangerously affected. Presidents and Secretaries of State have been harassed beyond measure in this way. In this brief comment we wish only to call attention to the fact that Senator Williams has emphasized in this public way a very real defect in our Governmental machinery.

It is doubtful whether any tinkering with the machinery can cure this defect. The fundamental remedy is to have public opinion so educated to the importance of right foreign relations that no

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Senator will dare to vote against a treaty which the intelligence and welfare of the country demand, in order to satisfy a private whim, a personal quarrel, or a desire to promote party revenge or party advantage.

## DRAMATIC DECENCY

"HISTORY is all bunk!" So Henry Ford is alleged to have exclaimed. It is doubtless true that some historical records contain a good deal of what the father of the flivver picturesquely calls "bunk." Nevertheless history sometimes throws a good deal of useful illumination on sensational events of current life that the Henry Ford type of American regards as being wholly unprecedented.

Take the present outcry about the theater, for example. On the one hand, there are those who think that vulgar and indecent plays are a totally new symptom of degenerate social morals and that the cure is a suppression or censorship of the theater; on the other are those who denounce all protests against public indecency, especially when made by the Church, as professional and pious Puritanism if not hypocrisy.

Now it is a curious and enlightening fact of history that this dramatic and social phenomenon which is exciting the newspapers of New York into their blackest and scariest headlines is almost an exact repetition of what occurred on the English stage and in London society after the restoration of Charles II. The reaction against the austerities of the Puritans resulted in a wave of libertinism in England which fairly engulfed the theater in a torrent of obscenity. The names of two notorious, if gifted, playwrights will always be associated with this period of dissolute English dramatic art—Wycherly and Congreve. Both of them were university men. Wycherly was a product of Oxford, Congreve of the University of Dublin. Wycherly was essentially a shallow character, but Congreve was a scholar and a man of letters. He succumbed, however, to the general laxity of the time. He wrote, wittily it is true, what he thought the public wanted—the usual excuse of the managers and authors who, for money or applause, put on the stage what appeals not to the best but to the worst in man, because that is the easiest way to win publicity and swell the receipts of the box-office. The smaller fry imitated them.

The result was that the stench of the stage became too strong even for the easy-going public accustomed to the moral standards of the Court of King Charles. A clergyman of the Church of England, a sturdy royalist, very far from a Puritan in theology or politics, took up the cudgels in defense of decency. This was the Rev. Jeremy Collier, of Cambridge, and his book "A Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English Stage" created a great sensation in the literary world. The attack was not allowed to pass unheeded. Congreve, Wycherly, Vanbrugh, and even Dryden, flew to the defense of the theater. But Collier was too much for them. His invective and his wit as well as his proofs sent them scurrying to their dugouts. "The nation," says Macaulay, whose delightful essay on the Comic Dramatists of that period tells the story, "was on the side of Collier. . . . A great and rapid reform in almost all the departments of our lighter literature was the effect of his labors. A new race of wits and poets arose, who generally treated with reverence the great ties which bind society together."

Has not Macaulay in that phrase hit upon the real standard by which the stage should be judged? Gayety, lightness, humor, laughter, beauty, ridicule, satire, all have their place in comedy, but those playwrights and actors and managers who deliberately set out to destroy reverence for the great ties that bind society together—and of these the tie of sex is the greatest—are really enemies of society.

## KEEPING FAITH IN NAVAL ARMAMENT

IF we are going to reduce our Navy, let us do so in an orderly and reasonable manner. By the negotiation of the treaty limiting the naval armament of the United States and four other naval Powers, the American Government has adopted a policy which is reasonable and intelligible. We have gained the consent of other nations to stop the competition in building capital ships, and have, after a thorough discussion with the representatives of these other Powers, come to an understanding as to the ratio between the respective naval forces. The people of the United States are obviously in favor of this arrangement. If that ratio is to stand, it is necessary for Congress to provide the funds for the maintenance of the ships we retain and the men to man them.

To cripple our Navy still further, without reference to what other countries are doing and in disregard of a carefully considered policy, would be monstrous folly.

The Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives has a subcommittee which has been considering the estimates for the Navy Department. This sub-committee has made estimates which would destroy the efficiency of the American Navy even more effectually than defeat in battle. Instead of providing the ratio agreed upon in the Armament Conference, this sub-committee would reduce the effectiveness of our Navy below that of Japan's. Against any such action the whole country should rise in protest. We owe it to Japan that we do not exceed the ratio agreed upon. But we owe quite as much to ourselves that we do not fall below it. Let Congress beware how it breaks faith with the American people.

## "A DARK INDUSTRY"

NO avenue of compromise or conciliation has opened up in the dispute between bituminous coal operators and miners, up to this time of writing, March 21. The contracts under which mining in both anthracite and bituminous fields is carried on expire on March 31; anthracite operators and unions have been in conference, but no agreement has been reached. An article by Mr. Helm on another page reviews recent coal history.

Secretary Davis, of the Department of Labor, has used every effort to bring the opposing forces in the soft-coal industry together, but in vain. He reports that John L. Lewis, head of the United Mine Workers, has assured him of the willingness of the miners' union to open negotiations for a new National wage contract. Secretary Davis, in an address, laments the lack of power on the part of the Government to avert the strike, says that there remains only the power of public opinion, urges the collection and publication of complete information about the coal industry, and adds: "I call coal mining a dark industry. They work in dark mines, their product is dark, and they have so many dark secrets on both sides that a new one is nothing to be surprised about."

Congress has shown itself unwilling to consider seriously the bills proposed by Senators Calder, Frelinghuysen, and Kenyon—bills which laid stress on this need of public knowledge of the complete facts, attempted to regulate the industry in its seasonal aspects, and (in the Kenyon bill) proposed such a Coal Labor Board as would correspond with the existing Railway Labor Board. If such a Coal Board existed to-day, there would be at least a medium for bringing the contesting elements into conference and a sure method of directing public censure against either party that refused reasonable suggestions of arbitration.

One hopeful trend in recent industrial

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contests has been the sharpening of public feeling as to the binding force of contracts. Quick public condemnation now falls upon either party, union or employers, which repudiates a contract. This is noticeable in press comments on the Pittsburgh Coal-Producers' Association's refusal to confer with the miners. With others in the central competitive bituminous field, that Association agreed with the United Mine Workers to meet in conference before April 1, 1922, for the renewal of contracts. Secretary Davis said as to this: "That agreement was made, and both sides should meet to discuss a new wage scale. I say to both of them, 'You made the agreement, and you should stand by it.'" The New York "World" comments:

> Repudiation of labor agreements is something in which employers more than labor unions cannot afford to indulge. It is likely to become a particularly dangerous business for owners and operators of coal mines. Private possession of so limited and vital a store of natural wealth is heavily affected with a public interest. Its responsibility is not confined to God Almighty, as the late Mr. Baer had it, but extends to the Government and people of the Nation, and it will not be permitted to dodge that responsibility.

The coal consumer, and especially the industrial consumer, will bear a large share in the vast money loss that must follow a prolonged strike. Even if he does not pay more for his coal, he will just as surely suffer loss, because the price will not fall, as it should normally do, under the present over-production. The report of an investigation made by F. G. Tryon and W. F. McKenney, of the United States Geological Survey, published in a coal number of the "Survey Graphic," describes the over-development as a by-product of uncontrolled competition. These investigators assert that soft-coal miners worked in 1921 an average of only three days a week. The official estimates of the Geological Survey state that in one week of March over four million more tons were mined than in the same week of the previous year, and that the excessive production has been going on in both soft and hard coal since this year began. The operators, therefore, are well prepared to stand a strike—and the consumer will pay the cost! The ability of the workers to carry on the fight rests on their accumulated funds, said to be several million dollars. As some one has said, they must "live off their own fat." They are asking for higher wages, a demand which runs just contrary to the public belief that in all our industries wages must recede to meet lower cost of living.

Why are the miners willing to enter what seems to be an unequal and losing fight? First, they say, because operators have refused to meet them; secondly, because, as they aver, they never did receive as large war increases in wages as men in other industries and therefore wages should not now be cut down—probably they would in the end accept some reduction; third, and perhaps most urgent of all, they want to standardize the work—they would like to have, say, 300 six-hour-days' work rather than 215 eight-hour-days' work. Short periods of hard work and high pay, followed by long idleness, are not good for men who must provide food for their families for 365 days a year; Lewis says 200,000 miners are out to-day.

On the other hand, operators quote the high earnings of non-union miners, who in some instances made $700 a month, and the fact that the mines are overstocked with labor, and argue that the over-production of coal shows that if labor costs increase many mines and groups of mines must go to the wall.

If a tieup of the coal industry comes about, there is a probability that the President, with Secretaries Davis and Hoover, will form a commission to bring about arbitration, as President Roosevelt did in the anthracite strike of 1902. They will also plan to keep the mines open and the railways operating and supplied with fuel, as well as essential industries and householders. It will be remembered that President Roosevelt, after he had met with success in his effort with John Mitchell and others to make peace, stated that, if necessary, he would have taken military control of the mines and got the coal to the consumer.

Whenever, as now, industry and the common welfare are threatened by Nation-wide industrial warfare, the people are forced to recognize the wrong and folly of settling disputes by destroying wealth and clogging the wheels of industrial life. We hope that the present clash will startle us all to indignation that will insist on a common-sense way of dealing with labor troubles.

# THE CRUCIFIERS

## BY LYMAN ABBOTT

## V—THE CALLOUS PROFITEERS

OF all the cruel punishments of a barbaric age, crucifixion was the most barbarous. It possessed a bad pre-eminence of cruelty in an age when fashionable audiences crowded the vast amphitheater to applaud the fearful horror of gladiatorial combats and fair women gave the death signal and feasted their sanguinary eyes on the ebbing life of the defeated. It was in this age that Cicero called crucifixion a punishment most inhuman and shocking, and wrote of it that it should be removed from the eyes and ears and the very thought of men. Too horrible for a Roman citizen, no freeman might be subjected to it. It was reserved, with rare exceptions, for slaves and foreigners.

Upon this Gentile cruelty the Jew looked with special horror. The cross, like the eagle, was a sign of national degradation. Its infliction by the Romans was a badge of Israel's servitude. The ancient law of Moses affixed a peculiar curse to it. To crucify even a corpse was to submit it to the greatest possible indignity. Thus the agony of pain was intensified by the agony of its peculiar shame.

The physical anguish of the cross was that of a lingering death. The victim's life was wrested from him in a fierce but predetermined battle, that lasted always many hours, often several days. Every moment of this hopeless contest added new agony to an anguish at first almost unendurable. Yet no vital organ was directly touched, and the stubborn life surrendered to his invincible foe only after a long and protracted siege. Even the pitiless, stolid Roman endured not long the sight of sufferings at once so protracted and so intense. Rarely was the criminal suffered to die by the mere infliction of the cross. A thrust with the spear or a blow with the club at length put an end to tortures which wearied even the patience of spectators.

Jesus endured the consuming tortures of the cross for nearly six hours; then nature gave way. Exhausted by the week of conflict in the Temple, by the draft upon his sympathies in the growing perplexity of his disciples, by his foresight of their shattered hopes and their impending grief, by his futile efforts to save Judas Iscariot, by his farewell supper and his night of watching, by his anguished prayer that he might not misunderstand and so fail to fulfill his Father's will, by his trial experi-

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ences in the Jewish court and the malignant clamor of the mob in Pilate's court, by the cruel scourging and the march to death, and by the nearly six hours of indescribable suffering on the cross, he bowed his head and yielded up his spirit to his Father, dying literally broken-hearted.[1]

Is there in literature or in history any drama in which are portrayed so simply and on so small a stage the conflicting passions of man?

The priests exulting in the sufferings of their victim and chanting their devil's anthem: "He trusted in God that he would deliver him. Let him deliver him if he will have him. King of Israel? Let him come down from the cross that we may believe in him."

The women lamenting for him. In the funeral march they had followed the condemned, beating upon their breasts and filling the air with their outcries. Arrived at the mount of crucifixion, they had offered him a drink of sour wine mingled with myrrh, an anodyne which, dulling the sense, might render the anguish of the cross more endurable.

The penitent brigand, crucified at his side, dimly perceiving the conquering spirit of the dying Christ and moved thereby to a late repentance.

The broken-hearted mother, scarce able to endure the sight of her dying son, yet, mother-like, unable to withdraw from it.

The one faithful friend, faithful even unto death, when all else had fled; his hopes shattered, his faith confused and perplexed, and yet his love unchanged, to whom with his parting breath Christ intrusted the care of his bereft mother. Well was he called the beloved disciple.

Last and strangest of all, the four soldiers who in the midst of this scene of tumultuous experience of human emotion—gratified hate, tearful pity, awakened penitence, broken-hearted love—could see nothing but an unaccustomed chance for booty. Ancestors of professional gamblers of all classes and in all epochs, Henry Ward Beecher well described them in his "Lectures to Young Men" delivered in Indianapolis in 1844: "How marked in every age is a gambler's character! The enraged priesthood of ferocious sects taunted Christ's dying agonies; the bewildered multitude could shout; but no earthly creature but a gambler could be so lost to *all* feeling as to sit down coolly under a dying man to wrangle for his garments and arbitrate their avaricious differences by casting dice for his tunic, with hands spotted with his spattered blood, warm and yet undried upon them. The descendants of these patriarchs of gambling, however, have taught us that there is nothing possible to hell, uncongenial to these, its elect saints."

The war profiteers of our time are the spiritual descendants of these pagan soldiers.

The Hun makes an unprovoked attack upon an economic rival. He frankly declares his purpose: it is so to crush France that she can never cross his path again. Ruthlessly he sets about his task. Farms are desolated, homes are destroyed, men are enslaved, women are violated, little children are shot. First the pity, then the wrath of neighboring nations is aroused. Mothers give their sons, wives their husbands, men themselves. The whole nation pours out its money in a passion of generosity. Never before in the world's history was there seen such flaming indignation, such weeping pity, such generous giving on so large a scale.

Then the profiteer appears. He hears no call to self-sacrifice and service; he sees only a chance for gain. He takes it. He coins the tears of mothers and the blood of their sons into gold. He is the vulture of the battlefield. He succeeds; he makes a fortune; but his fortune is blood money. The house he builds, the automobile in which he rides, the jewels with which he decks his wife and daughters, are the medals of his dishonor.

Is he as callous as he appears? Or does his conscience sometimes say to him, "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil"?

# EMOTIONALISM IN CONTROL

## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM EUROPE

### BY WILLIAM C. GREGG

IN sizing up Europe to-day it must be remembered that the only people who are paying heavy taxes per capita are the English and French. The Germans have not paid and are not paying much per capita. The German Government is bankrupt. Yes; but the German business man has money, material, and men, and is carrying on active business the world over, even giving long credits to solvent countries. The depreciated mark depreciates cost of labor temporarily and is a business advantage in competing for world trade.

This German business revival makes France sore, and when Lloyd George talks about scrapping the Versailles Treaty and forgiving Germany most of the reparations we join France in wondering what he means.

Let us go back a little. The Allies didn't win a war, they won an armistice. If the French had been strong enough, and had been willing to sacrifice many more thousands of French lives, they could have fought for two months more, invading Germany and leaving as much desolation there as the Huns left in France. France might also have looted Germany, as Germany did France and Belgium; then, with the war ended, the Germans would have had enough to do trying to find their hearthstone under a pile of bricks; they would have wondered how they could level their fields or find animals to plow with. They would have had flooded coal mines and burned factories to think about.

If France had been strong enough, she might have arranged the Peace of Versailles without so much help from her allies. The tragedy of the Wilson participation, as told by Mr. Lansing's diary, could have been prevented.

But France was not strong enough. She did not play the rôle of victor, and, in all fairness, it must be said she has not tried to.

The Allies together did have the strength; they could have reduced Germany to the condition of France; but they did not care to pay the price in lives. So we only won an armistice, including a wagon-load of dissensions, intrigues, and incompletions.

If Germany is not made to pay, she will come out of the war rather better off than the Allies; for practically nothing of her was destroyed, and her prices have not been inflated (measured in gold) like the prices in the rest of the world. This price advantage is worth more to her in the near future than her colonies and fleet.

A strict control of Germany by the Allies, including the collection of export taxes and general indemnities from her unhurt wealth, is a natural and reasonable thing, but reason is not in control.

It seems strange in this age of super-education and development that emotion dominates. If reason has a place, it is so mixed with vanity and short-sightedness that it fails to control conclusions. Was it reason that prompted Lloyd George to make a trade agreement with the Bolsheviki a year ago? Every one knew they had nothing to trade; but the Labor element in England was emotionally in sympathy with the Soviets of

[1] W. Stroud in "The Physical Cause of Christ's Death" has pointed out the reasons for believing that the flowing of the blood and water from the spear-pierced side indicates that Christ's heart was literally ruptured.

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Russia, and, as their voting power in England is large, Lloyd George became emotional too; he argued for trade with Russia and opened the trade door.

Nothing has come from it, because when the two sides got down to business the Soviets had nothing to exchange except their worthless paper money; they had no raw or manufactured materials and little gold or silver.

This same English politician, not the least perturbed through being convicted by events, now offers himself as the savior of Europe, with a simple programme to unload all cargoes of hate and debts and take on loads of good will and accommodation.

Emotion has its rightful place in our lives; every one disapproves of prolonged hate and wishes good will. But emotion cannot take the place of reason in life. That's what's the matter with the world now. Since the armistice governments have answered emotions by making appropriations for social uplift. Didn't they have any money in the treasuries? Then such actions were unreasonable; but emotion replied: "Issue promises to pay. Posterity must help us." Reason refused to pay par for the drafts on posterity; hence depreciation; hence the breaking down of international exchange.

I saw two examples of emotionalism in the London papers the other day. I would call it sob stuff. One was a piteous appeal for help for the poor in London. It went into details and was undignified. The other was a similar appeal for help for the Russians. Reason says that London cannot take care of Russian and her own problems too. Which shall she do? Why, of course take care of British starving first. There are, according to British reports, millions in misery. We will hope that the British will have poise enough to take care of their own.

I am afraid that the British have not handled things well enough since the armistice to be accorded world leadership to-day. I have read with great interest the annual reports of several large British banks just issued. The chairmen at the meetings laid stress on the depression at home and their precarious interests abroad, and then moved to declare a dividend of 15 per cent in one case and 12 per cent in two others. If all their hard-luck stories were true, a 6 per cent dividend would have been much wiser. If their profits were real, they should not have complained about depression. Perhaps the banks are not taxed enough.

Again, the British Government, while incurring deficits, is arranging loans to other countries; a hurry loan to Austria is just being made. Despatches from Vienna say this will keep the Austrian Government going for about sixty days. After that, what other emotional country will come forward with a loan to keep them afloat for another two months? We wonder. Austria still has some movable wealth which she could sell; the contents of her art galleries and palaces, for instance. Am I hard-hearted or merely reasonable to suggest this? The Austrians are an emotional people. They scorned this suggestion when I made it to them last year. Let me tell you something about Austria. Their farmers raise a good deal of food, perhaps enough for Vienna's wants, but they refuse to ship to Vienna in exchange for worthless paper money. Many of them who live near the borders send their produce across the border into Italy and Switzerland, where they get paid in better money. Can you blame them? Austria is completely surrounded by countries whose money is better than hers, so this process of exporting things goes on all the time.

Austria has had plenty of chances to reduce her expenses, increase her taxes, and bring up the value of her paper money, but so far she hasn't had the grit to do it. Emotionalism, not reason, has been in control.

*Paris, France.*

# A MUSIC-MAKER'S REWARD

## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM PHILADELPHIA

### BY FULLERTON WALDO

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI, son of a Polish refugee, had in his pack of belongings something not less valuable than the baton of a field-marshal, which is carried proverbially in the knapsack of every French soldier. He had the baton of a future conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra; and now the award of the Edward Bok prize of $10,000 and a gold medal, ratified by the consensus of those who have sat under his dispensation for ten years, declares him Philadelphia's first citizen in point of public service during the year preceding the award.

It is significant that the music-maker should thus with the general assent become the metropolitan laureate, his music recognized as the supreme civic achievement. If the poet Arthur O'Shaughnessy is right, the music-makers are city-builders, too.

As the leader of a great orchestra, Doctor Stokowski is a familiar figure, but there is probably no other conductor in America of whose biography so little has been written.

Leopold Anton Stanislaw Stokowski was born in London forty years ago. His father, Josef Boleslaw Kopernicus Stokowski, had to leave his native land because of insurgent political opinions in the family that invited the heavy hand of official displeasure.

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI

In England Josef Stokowski met and married Leopold's Irish mother.

The boy was fairly born to the key-board and the finger-board. Piano and violin were the daily bread of his spirit. By the age of ten he had added the viola and the tuba to his domestic symphony. He went on in his forever inquisitive, acquisitive way till he knew the ins and outs of every instrument in the orchestra, down to the meaning of the strange black characters painted on the backs of the Chinese cymbals.

Hand in hand with the manipulative practice and experiment went unremitting theoretic studies; and at fourteen a choral prize composition from his pen was sung at St. Paul's on a state occasion by a chorus of four hundred voices.

Then he went after that infirmity of noble minds, the organ, taking highest honors at the Royal College of Organists while continuing to study theory with Elgar, Stanford, and Parry, and to lay other foundations of a liberal education at Queen's College, Oxford. The post of organist and choirmaster at Saint James's, Piccadilly, was proffered. Thence he was allured to the service of St. Bartholomew's in New York. Major

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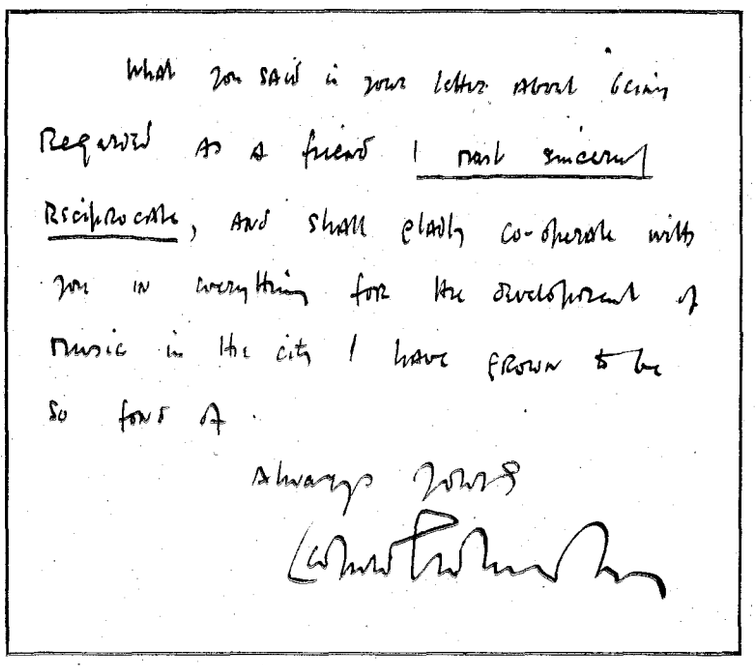

What you said in your letter about being
Regarded as a friend I most sincerely
Reciprocate, and shall gladly co-operate with
you in everything for the development of
music in the city I have grown to be
so fond of.

Always yours

PART OF A SIGNIFICANT LETTER FROM MR. STOKOWSKI TO MR. WALDO

Felix Lamond thus tells the story of the transition.

"General Sir Robert Baden-Powell first told me about Stokowski," he informed me. "The general could not say enough in praise of a youth who was then organist and director at St. James's Church, Piccadilly. Later I met in New York Dr. Leighton Parks, of St. Bartholomew's. He told me he was at a loss for a choir leader, though he had scores of applicants to choose from. I had not heard Stokowski play, but on the strength of Baden-Powell's recommendation I had no hesitation in telling Dr. Parks that the man he wanted was at St. James's, Piccadilly.

"'You'd better go over and get him,' I said.

"Dr. Parks promptly agreed. He sailed by the American Line the following Saturday.

"He spied a group of boys playing football in an inclosure near the church. Calling the oldest toward him, a fair-faced, tow-headed lad, he said:

"'Can you tell me where to find Mr. Stokowski?'

"'That is my name,' answered the young man. 'What can I do for you?'

"Recovering from his astonishment, Dr. Parks put the offer up to Stokowski without even hearing him play.

"'What does the place pay?' asked the young musician.

"'The salary is $5,000,' answered Dr. Parks, 'and in addition the perquisites in the way of playing at weddings and funerals will bring you about $5,000 more.'

"'That would be £2,000,' said Mr. Stokowski.

"He accepted the offer, and sailed soon afterward for his conspicuously successful career in America."

Stokowski still retains a quite extraordinary aspect of youthfulness. After three years in New York he became conductor of the Cincinnati Orchestra, and his boyish appearance belied his twenty-six years. Alma Gluck, in his first season, was to sing with the orchestra. She had never met him. When he came to the door of the artist's room to summon her for rehearsal, she gave the stripling a glance and said, "All right, tell your father I'll be there directly."

On a later occasion, when guest conductor in London, with Nordica as soloist, he found, on his way to the concert hall in a cab, that he had left the score of the accompaniment at his hotel. There was not time to return. Hitherto, in the belief that his memory was treacherous, he had always led from the score. Making a virtue of necessity, he gave the music a "once-over" in his mind and ere he left the cab was astonished and gratified to find that he could do without the notes. Since then he has used notes only under exceptional circumstances, when he has not had the opportunity to familiarize himself with new and complicated scores. He now feels that printed pages on a stand before him in a concert are an irritating limitation.

Taking over the control of the Philadelphia Orchestra in 1912 from Carl Pohlig, Dr. Stokowski has made it in a peculiar degree the voice of the place of its origin. It is felt very generally in Philadelphia that the organization is not merely an artistic evolution, but a business asset of the first magnitude. It is good for all the city that, by means of the Bok award, the stress is laid on such values as Stokowski and his music represent. In season and out of season, Stokowski preaches that music is a man's game, not simply a woman's luxury; that to care for Bach, Brahms, and Beethoven is not rightly to incur the reproach of being effete, or effeminate, or hyperæsthetic. No type displeases him so much as that of the tired business man who has his music in his wife's name, is bored by the idea of a symphony, and takes in a twirly-whirly "jazz" show because he must "rest his nerves." It is part of Stokowski's success to have discovered to a great many real, live citizens who thought they had no ear for music what a "durable satisfaction" they were losing all the while they stayed away.

The balance has been kept between old schools and new in his programmes Sometimes, so ready has Stokowski been to give the unheralded a hearing, he has been assailed as a heresiarch. I have been hearing him steadily for ten seasons, and, while I deplore some of the things he has found room for on his programmes, I believe that he is sincere in his musical protevangelia. At present his ruling passion is to get ready for the 1926 Sesquicentennial. Then, undoubtedly, the orchestral sounds produced will be heard, like the first shot fired at Concord, all the way round the world by means of wireless telephony That will be a much more significant matter than playing for records at the laboratory of a talking-machine company.

"I have lived through some hard times in many lands," he says, "and I have not always had all the things I wanted, but I have always had the joy of my work. I consider it a great misfortune to be born with the good things of life within easy reach.

"In my playtime I like best of all to paint. When I have time in the spring, I go off to the farm of a friend and paint for several weeks."

With the baton he is painter of tone-poems; and it is the poetry of motion too. I have often thought what graceful arabesques the movements of the wand would make if they were recorded as the geometrician sets his graphic lines upon a board.

Is it clear why the prize, the reward of exemplary civic virtue, was bestowed on this musician? This admirable music-master has made music a vital part of the day's life and the world's work in his own city; he has given light and air to oppressed and weary souls. He has wrought not merely for the old and worn, but for the children too; the juvenile concerts have exploited the symphonic music and instruments in a way that will create in future informed audiences of those who have graduated to mature appreciation.

He has co-operated with local music schools and choral societies; he has encouraged our own artists and given platform opportunity to the worthiest. He has been quick to recognize talent "crowding to be born" from the city's teeming foreign colonies. He has helped to make music an integral part of great civic occasions. All this has

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happened in a city wherein at an earlier day the dominant Quaker influence was excited to suppress much music as irreverent, and frivolous, and ungodly.

Not that all this is a one-man triumph. Far from it. Stokowski is the first to admit that he built on the foundations laid, broad and deep, by other men and women not a few. The edifice he builds was fortunate already in the choice of a site and of a corner-stone. It will remain, when the last sound has trembled into silence, a monument to visualize the famous words of Schelling in his "Philosophy of Art"—the saying so often ascribed to Madame de Staël because of a distantly similar passage in "Corinne"—"Architecture is frozen music." To make such edifying music is therefore properly considered a civic service worthy of a notable reward.

But suppose the gateway to America a few years ago had been closed to the son of a Polish refugee?

# A "HEIGHT-WEIGHT" PRODUCT

## WHAT AMBITION, AROUSED BY COMPETITION, DID FOR THE BODY AND CHARACTER OF AN AMERICAN SCHOOLBOY

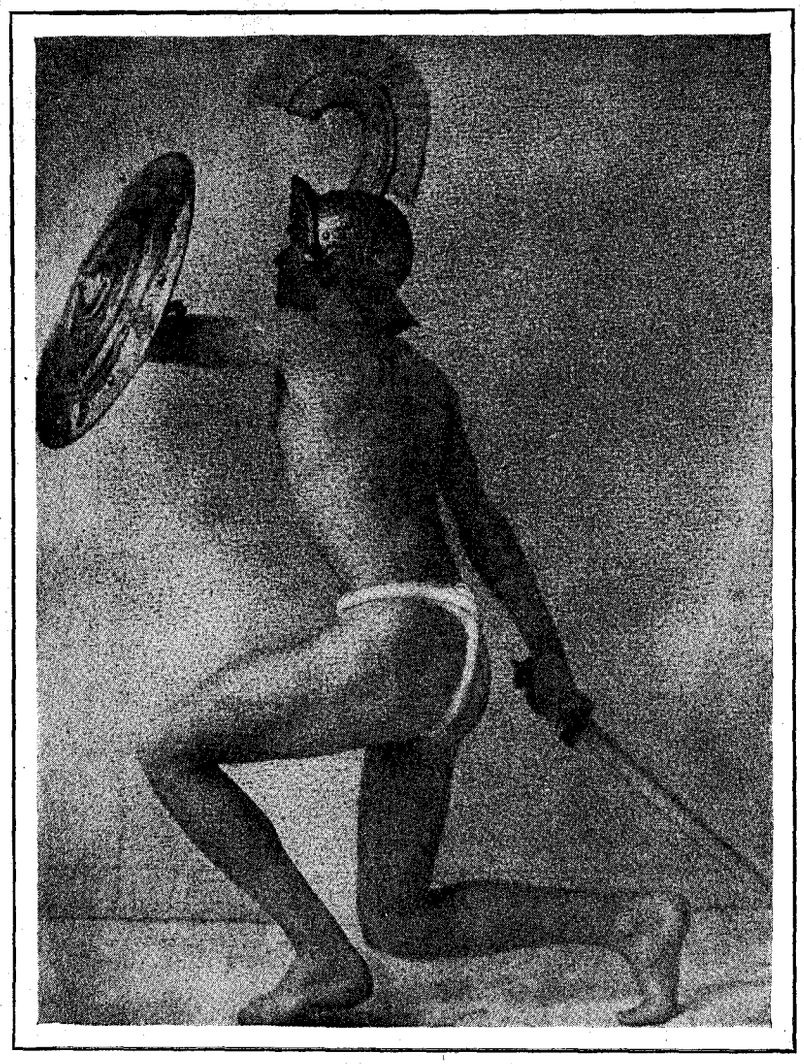
BY C. K. TAYLOR

THIS is a photograph of a fifteen-year-old boy who attained physical perfection by means of three years of steady, purposeful effort. According to the height-weight system of standardizing a boy's development, as described in the March 15 issue of The Outlook, this lad at fifteen made a score of 150. When twelve, his score was 72.

When twelve, he was inclined to be soft, easily hurt, and anything but aggressive. His ambitions were aroused by seeing boys of his age who were much his superiors physically. His interest was further encouraged by the simple process of taking his measurements and giving him a score—in his case 72. He did not like that 72 at all, especially when boys of his class were making much more than that. Furthermore, he was photographed, with the other boys in his school, in a manner that gave a good idea of comparative development and posture. Very few people not acquainted with boys can realize what a tremendous and sustained interest can be aroused through these simple means.

This particular boy gained the highest score of more than five thousand boys. With this development, which was symmetrical, with no over-development anywhere, came an interest and a proficiency in outdoor sports of various sorts. With it, as a kind of reflex, came a very sturdy strength of character and purpose. It may be said that he is a pupil in the Stuyvesant High School of New York City.

When such standards are taken, when boys know their "scores," when they know what to do to get rid of "minus" measurements that pull their scores down, and when physical improvement is put on a competitive basis, the combined effect is the development of a great and valuable interest. The principal of a public grammar school where the plan was tried for two years experimentally reported to the effect that the general behavior of the school made marked improvement, that smoking died a rapid death (without any anti-cigarette campaigns), that there was a real improvement in class-room work that went naturally with a better physical condition, and that the boys were more generally interested in outdoor sports and games, and even in hiking clubs.



THREE YEARS OF STEADY, PURPOSEFUL EFFORT GAVE THIS FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD LAD THIS SPLENDIDLY DEVELOPED BODY. HE WORKED FOR IT ACCORDING TO HEIGHT-WEIGHT STANDARDS

After all, it may be that a competition in physical improvement might be quite as important and worthy a medal as the winning of a broad jump or other athletic event.

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# THOUGHTS THAT KEEP THE LION AWAKE NIGHTS

International

A CONFERENCE OF LEADERS OF INDIA'S NATIONALIST PARTY

Gandhi is in the center, wearing a white fez, while at his right the second figure is none other than our own "Pussyfoot" Johnson, who, it is said, at this meeting presented his plan to the Nationalist party for making India "dry"

International

THE CENTER OF THE LABOR TROUBLES IN SOUTH AFRICA

A scene in Johannesburg, which has been the center of a great strike of the mine workers of the district. American readers who think of Johannesburg as a mere mining town will be interested in the character of the buildings of the city, as revealed by this photograph

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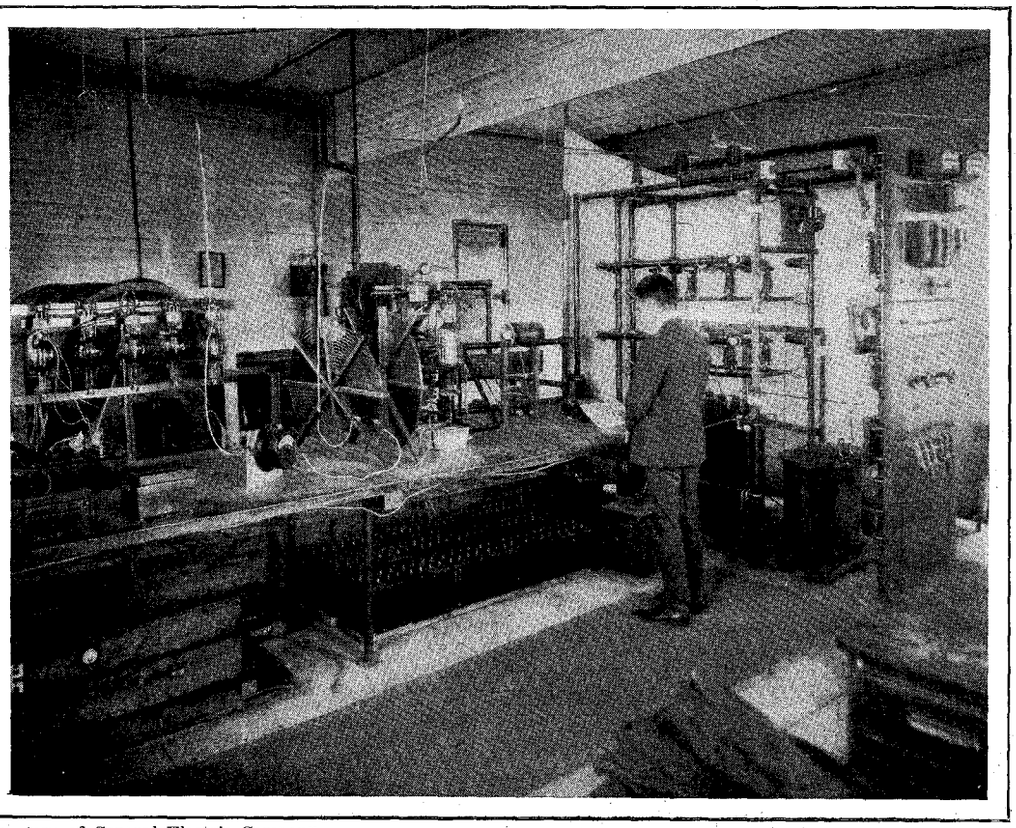
# LUCKY THE CAPITOL IS NOT A BROADCASTING STATION!

PRESIDENT HARDING IN FLORIDA WHERE POSTMASTERS CEASE FROM TROUBLING AND THE BONUS IS AT REST

President Harding, with members of the Presidential party, is here seen moored in the picturesque Matanzas River on the yacht Nameoka. The party is on its way to Ormond, Florida

(C) Underwood



Courtesy of General Electric Company

A NEW RADIO TELEPHONE BROADCASTING STATION IN SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK

This is the newest and most powerful radio broadcasting station in the country. If President Harding on the Nameoka has a proper receiving set, he could pick up a radio concert from this Schenectady station of the General Electric Company. Messages have been picked up in Cuba, 1,450 miles away. The picture shows tube sets, control board, and other apparatus. The programmes are sent out from another building near by

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# CANADIAN LIBERALS TAKE THE HELM

## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE BY D. M. LE BOURDAIS

ON March 8 the fourteenth Parliament of Canada met at Ottawa. A new Premier was at the helm, a new Speaker was elected, almost half the members were beginning their first session, and for the first time in the history of Canada a woman occupied a seat upon the floor of the House. The following day Lord Byng of Vimy for the first time also officiated at the formal opening of a session of Parliament.

The event heralded the return to power of the Liberal party after ten years in Opposition; more than anything else, it marked the vindication of the dead Laurier. The new Premier was a nominee and protégé of Laurier; the Cabinet surrounding him was composed almost exclusively of men who had followed Laurier in 1917. In the front treasury benches sat Mr. W. S. Fielding—who wavered, 'tis true, in 1917, but who did not stray from the fold for long—the negotiator of the Reciprocity Agreement of 1911, just freshly returned from Washington, whither he had gone to commence anew the negotiations so rudely interrupted by the defeat of 1911. Seated opposite in the benches but lately vacated by the triumphant Liberals was the remnant of the once proud Unionist party which had triumphed over Laurier in the election of 1917.

The Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, former Postmaster-General in the Laurier Cabinet, an eloquent, forceful speaker, an able parliamentarian, a close student of constitutional and parliamentary procedure, and a continuous member of the House since 1896, was elected Speaker.

The Speech from the Throne dwelt upon the ill effects due to restriction of markets and the decline of prices for agricultural products, which the Government considers to lie at the root of the present trade and financial depression in the Dominion. In working towards a solution the Government will seek wider markets for Canadian products (reciprocal trade with the United States, if it can be arranged, as well as greater interimperial trade) and announces that conferences between railway authorities will be held with a view to effecting a reduction in freight rates upon basic commodities. Certain changes will be made in the customs tariff, but it is not thought that they will be very extensive at the present time.

For the present, at least, the late Government's policy of public ownership of railways will be continued. The Grand Trunk System will be co-ordinated with the Canadian National System (which now comprises the former Canadian Northern Railway and the Intercolonial). But at the same time a thorough investigation of the whole railway problem is to be undertaken. Much will depend upon the nature of this inquiry as to just what policy will result, for some investigations are instituted to disclose information, others to indorse or vindicate a policy. It must not be overlooked that the personnel of the new Government comprises many who are uncompromising opponents of public ownership in any form, although it is not believed that the Prime Minister is one of these.

Legislation tending to facilitate immigration is also foreshadowed. The recently published census figures, which show that the population of Canada increased only about a million and a half during the past ten years, have proved very disappointing. The natural increase should have been, upon a conservative basis of calculation, at least 1,800,000, while, in addition, about 1,700,000 immigrants were received into the Dominion during the same period. This means that Canada really suffered an actual loss during the decade of almost 2,000,000 people.

The three prairie provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta have never been members of the Dominion upon the same basis as the other six provinces, inasmuch as their natural resources have been administered from Ottawa and they have been in receipt of cash subsidies from the Dominion treasury in lieu of the revenues which they should otherwise have derived from their possession. The three provinces have for many years been petitioning the Federal Government for the transfer to them of the administration of these natural resources, but until recently without effect. The new Government now proposes to accede to their request if a satisfactory basis can be arrived at.

For the purpose of effecting economies, the Departments of Militia and Naval Defense will be co-ordinated into a single Department of Defense. The Royal Northwest Mounted Police, originally formed for the purpose of policing the unorganized districts of the northwest, but which were greatly increased in personnel and extended to every province in the Dominion by the late Government and its immediate predecessor, will probably be reduced in numbers and in their jurisdiction, and will also form a branch of the proposed new department.

In the realm of international relations the House was informed that the treaties arising out of the Washington Conference will be presented for ratification; that delegates had been appointed to represent Canada at Genoa; and also that delegates will be appointed to attend the postal conference called by the United States.

In an interchange of amenities between the new Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King, and the late Premier, Mr. Meighen, now leader of the official Opposition, Mr. King made a declaration which is taken by some to have considerable significance. He stated that he was not in favor of a return to the colonial status, such as would be implied by acquiescence in a suggestion of Mr. Meighen that the Government make inquiries of the British Government concerning how much of an alleged confidential report of last year's Imperial Conference could be presented to the House. Mr. King contended that the Conference was a meeting of equals, and that it would be inconsistent with Canada's position of equality for the Government to apply to London for instructions.

### THE PROBLEM OF THE POLITICAL TRIANGLE

THE forthcoming session promises to be full of interest. For one thing, an entirely new situation is presented in the presence of three full-fledged parties in the House, each with its own leader, whips, platform, and policy. The Liberals have within one or two of a majority, and under the old two-party system could not hope to carry on the Government for a moment, but, the Progressive and the Conservative parties being further apart from each other in policy than from the Liberal, it will be possible for the latter to secure the support of either one group or the other, and thus remain in power. As a matter of fact, there is not a great deal of difference between the platforms and beliefs of the Progressives and the Liberals; and it is quite probable that the two latter groups will be found working together more often than in opposition.

Arthur Meighen, with his compact group of fifty, the majority of whom are seasoned parliamentarians, can, however, be counted upon to do his utmost to harass the Government, for Meighen is probably at his best when in opposition. He is quick-witted, a skillful debater, and a master parliamentarian; his policy will be to drive a wedge between the two groups. Guerrilla political warfare will doubtless be elevated into a high art by him.

It is quite obvious that the Conservatives and Progressives can bring about the defeat of the Government almost any time they wish if they care to join forces for the purpose; but no one wants another election for some time at least, and it is not likely that any such attempt will be made seriously.

There is a possibility that certain changes will have to be made in parliamentary practice as followed in the past—such as, for instance, to disregard the failure of a measure instituted by the Government as indicating want of confidence in the administration excepting in the case of a direct want-of-confidence vote, and some other adaptations that will doubtless be found necessary in the attempt to accommodate three parties in a system obviously built for two.



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# GOOD NEIGHBORS

## BY WILLARD WATTLES

MANY a man hath gold to guard
And house to keep him warm,
And ale to drink and bread to eat
And strong and ready arm;
But many a man when time is come
To rest him from his labors
Hath not so rich a store as I
Who boast me of good neighbors.

There's many a lad would scale the hills
And sail the fickle ocean,
And touching keels at every quay
Live ever in commotion.
But what a man may buy with sweat
Or carve with hearty saber
He may not own so sure as I
Who have a jovial neighbor.

Oh, some would cram a granary
With oats and corn and barley,
And some would dance a round or two
With every fiddling Charlie.
I like the time when malt is ripe
And Jenny brings the tabors,
But mostly I like every day
Because I have good neighbors.

# THE BATTLE-LINE OF THE COAL UNIONS

## BY WILLIAM P. HELM, JR.

CAUSES of the present coal crisis lie far beneath the surface of current events. Collective bargaining and wage scales are differences of the hour, it is true, that are speeding the coal industry to a capital-labor deadlock; but they are only differences of the hour. They are but the eruption from the sore that has festered for a quarter of a century and bids fair to fester still, long after the present deadlock is forgotten.

The sore spot in the soft-coal industry, as union operators and union workers see it, is the State of West Virginia, whose non-union mines are to-day at once the underlying cause of the impending strike, the medium through which it probably will be broken, and the country's main hope while it lasts. These non-union mines for many years have been as gall and wormwood to the union mines surrounding them. Gradually they have encroached more and more upon union coal's markets, until to-day they stand in a position of absolute dominance throughout all the territory which freight rates permit them to serve.

They have also furnished the mine workers' organization a nut so hard to crack, a field so difficult to organize, a force so impregnable to union assaults, that to-day, after twenty-five years of intermittent warfare, bloodshed, and lavish outpouring of union funds, the United Mine Workers of America are practically no further advanced on the battle-line than they were when the fight started, back in 1898.

If one may believe the allegations of the non-union mine operators of West Virginia, both mine workers and mine operators in competing territory started in 1898 to organize her coal fields. The very first contract made between the union and the operators of the central competitive field (western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois), reached at a joint conference held in the city of Chicago in January, 1898, contains the following clause:

"Article VIII. The United Mine Workers organization . . . do hereby further agree to afford all possible protection to the trade and to the other parties hereto [meaning the operators signing the contract] against any unfair competition resulting from the failure to maintain scale rates."

Apparently the union operators—or certainly some of them—construed that article to mean that the United Mine Workers of America would unionize the West Virginia fields, for at the next joint conference, held at Pittsburgh, in January, 1899, we find (in the official minutes of the meeting) expressions of that belief from several of the operators in attendance. One of them, H. L. Chapman, an Ohio operator, is down in the minutes as saying:

"What were the conditions last year when we entered into the agreement at Chicago, and what were the inducements that led the operators of the four competitive States to enter into that agreement? What promises and pledges were made on behalf of you gentlemen who are on my right and your representatives? It was as much a part of that agreement made at Chicago, although not incorporated in the written instrument that was signed, as was any part of the agreement that was signed, that during the year covered by that agreement the competitive field in West Virginia was to be brought up in price and down in hours of labor, or at the expiration of that agreement the competitive fields of those four States were to be put upon a competitive basis with that field.

"When it was suggested in the Convention and in the committee that that should be incorporated into the agreement, the representatives of the miners said that it would hamper them and prevent their accomplishing the purposes which they hoped to accomplish. For that reason it was left out, as I understand and understood the matter at that time."

Another operator, F. L. Robbins, of Pennsylvania, is thus quoted:

"We simply ask you to fulfill your pledges and promises; that you will work in the competitive field, which has been your friend in times past and hopes to be your friend in the future, until your organization shall cover every coal-producing State in the Republic."

One of the men who signed that agreement was T. L. Lewis, representing the



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miners of Ohio. Afterward Mr. Lewis rose to the presidency of the United Mine Workers; and still afterward, when the constitution was changed in 1912, he changed, too, in his attitude toward the union and left it (in 1914). He is now, and has been for some years, the secretary of the New River Coal Operators' Association, with headquarters at Charleston, West Virginia. In that capacity he testified before a Senate committee at Washington last summer. The official record of his testimony reads:

"The reason for the desire to have that inter-State joint meeting (in 1898) was that the coal industry of the United States was paralyzed. Operators everywhere were going into bankruptcy and miners were on the verge of starvation. Article VIII of the agreement was inserted because of the belief of the operators, who were anxious to do something to stabilize the industry, . . . that it was necessary to protect them from the competition of other States that might not have wage agreements between employers and employees."

At the Pittsburgh meeting in 1899 John Mitchell, beloved leader of the miners, then newly elected to the presidency of the United Mine Workers, replied to Messrs. Chapman, Robbins, and others who spoke of the implied agreement to unionize West Virginia. The official minutes quote him thus:

"I know of no breach of faith on the part of the miners since our last Convention adjourned. In West Virginia, it is true, our organization has not made as much progress as we might desire, but . . . an effort has been made during the past year to curtail the production of West Virginia coal by preventing its sale on the market."

That was the virtual beginning of the attempt to unionize the West Virginia mines. Whether the motive was, as charged, the desire of the western Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois operators to soften the pressure of cut-throat competition from a non-union section producing a better product at a lower cost, or whether the union itself was the moving power, the march on West Virginia started then, and has continued, with little success, ever since and is still continuing.

A year or so after the 1898 agreement was signed the mine workers' organization membership rose from about 19,000 to almost 300,000. Within a short time thereafter the union spread to Pennsylvania, to Kentucky, to Tennessee, to Maryland, to the Southwest, to the Pacific coast. By ordinary processes it grew until 1912, when the mine workers changed their constitution and became a militant, aggressive organization which they had not been before.

Then again came the storming of the West Virginia citadel.

"We had thousands of men go to the penitentiary for trying to establish our organization in West Virginia and other non-union fields," Delegate McDonald, of the mine workers' union, is quoted in official minutes as telling the central competitive field operators in joint conference in 1912. "We have had men go to jail. We expect that more will go to jail. The penitentiary has no terrors for us as far as that is concerned, and if putting two or three hundred of our men in jail will organize West Virginia we will send two or three hundred men down. The chances are that we will have to get busy with that situation shortly."

Shortly, indeed, thereafter they did get busy. The memory of their effort still is bright. From their stronghold north of the Kanawha the union sympathizers moved down, their thousands marching in ragged imitation of infantry bound for the front, upon the open-shop district of the Paint and Cabin Creeks. They terrorized the country and considerable blood was shed, but the move failed. Two years later those two fields were unionized, and they are unionized to-day.

Came then the European War, with work for all the coal fields of the country and prosperity undreamed of theretofore. Working men cannot march; and the men of the coal fields were working. The United States entered the war; the Government took over control of the coal industry; the mines redoubled their efforts; unionism sought advancement, not by strikes, but generally by other measures—and advanced, but not in West Virginia. At least, not to a very marked extent.

In 1919 came the Nation-wide strike of soft-coal workers. The backbone of that strike was broken by non-union West Virginia mines, which supplied a material percentage of the country's needed coal. There followed the profiteering spree of 1920 and the depression of 1921.

Then came the union's mightiest effort to break the open shop in West Virginia. Thousands of marching men swarmed down upon the open-shop fields of Logan and Mingo Counties. Blood stained the mountain streams. A citizens' army sprang up between two suns to defend their homes. Battle-lines were flung over the hills and athwart the valleys. Pitched battles were fought; martial law was proclaimed; United States regulars occupied the zone of warfare; scores of persons were killed.

The union spent in twelve months' time more than $2,500,000 in that supreme effort to swing West Virginia into its ranks. But West Virginia didn't swing.

Meantime, what happened in the State's industrial growth?

In 1898, when the miners' union signed its first contract in joint conference with operators of the central competitive field, West Virginia produced 16,700,000 tons of coal. The entire production of the country was 166,000,000 tons. The figures apply only to soft coal. West Virginia, therefore, produced ten per cent of the total.

In the twenty-four years that have elapsed since then West Virginia has increased her coal output four hundred per cent. In the lean year of 1921 she produced 70,000,000 tons, according to the United States Geological Survey, or more than *seventeen* per cent of all the soft coal mined in the United States. In the boom year of 1920 she produced 87,500,000 tons, according to the same authority.

Her production in 1920 was exactly half of the total production of competing union mines in Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, where all mines are union. In 1921, however, the non-union mines of West Virginia, responding to the economic trend, reduced wages. Competing union mines around her, checked by a wage agreement that does not expire till March 31 next, were unable to reduce wages. As a consequence, West Virginia coal made enormous inroads into their territory. Market after market was captured by their ancient industrial foe, whose unionization had been planned twenty-three years before.

And so in 1921 West Virginia's production rose to nearly sixty per cent of the production of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois combined. Whole sections of West Virginia, such as the Logan field, worked at nearer capacity output in that year of depression than they had ever worked before, while union mines in competing States recorded, perhaps, the poorest working time in their history.

The record shows also that West Virginia, working non-union, drew as a magnet her pick of the workers from the surrounding fields. Her wage scales were lower, it is true; but because of steadier working time the earnings of her workers were much higher. One reads in the Senate committee records of mine employees earning $300, $400, even $500 a month apiece in 1921, while one energetic worker, favored by ideal conditions, drove his earnings up above the $700 mark in a single month.

That is the real story of West Virginia's inroads into the markets of her union competitors. Small wonder, then, that her competitors, seeing this, should decry the system of collective bargaining which imposed on them the handicap of a war-time wage scale. Small wonder, indeed, that they should seek to have no more of the organization which through twenty-three years of effort had failed to set up a competitive wage scale in the house of their bitterest industrial foe.

There are other non-union fields—one in Pennsylvania even larger. Maryland, Alabama, and other States also hold them within their borders. But for strategic location with respect to Eastern markets and general all-around ability to play hob with the markets of the other chief soft-coal-producing sections of industrial America West Virginia dwarfs them as a giant. And that is why she is considered by union operator and union miner alike as the sore spot of the coal industry; and also why she takes imposing rank among the underlying causes of the present crisis.

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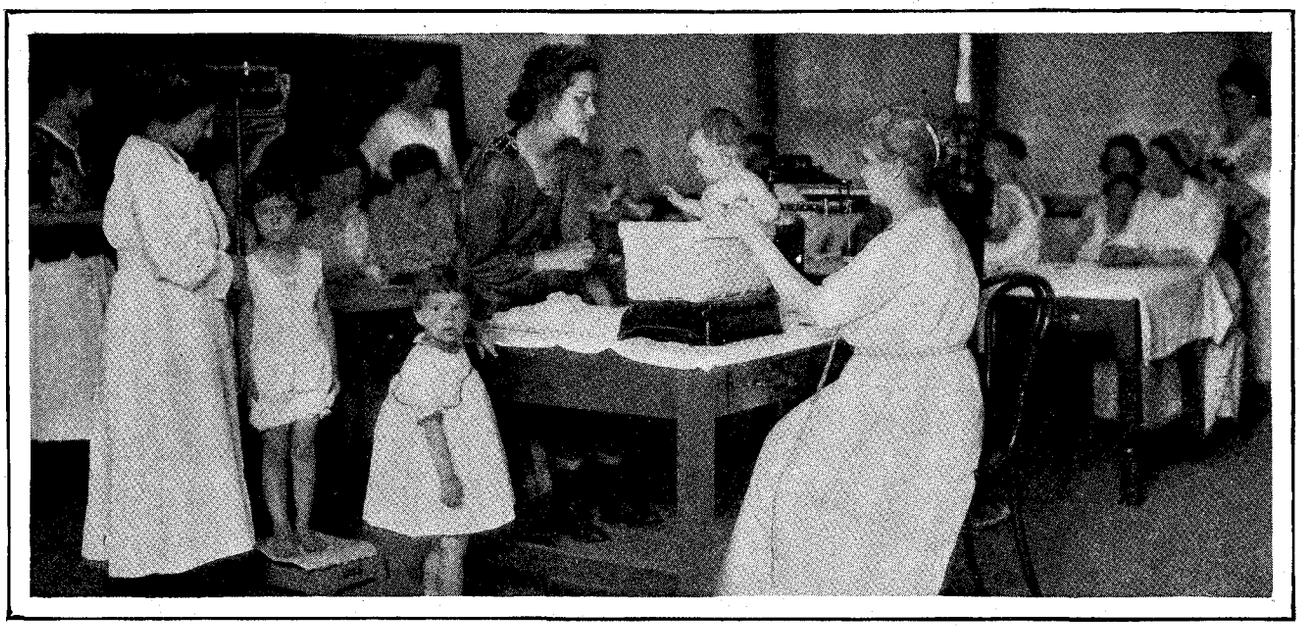

GETTING THE FACTS ABOUT THE BABY—"DID THE MOTHERS COME? THEY DID—"

# WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH FARM HEALTH?

## BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

SPEAKING of healthy localities, what would you think of a well-settled, well-developed county out in the Middle West? Purely agricultural, no factories, improved farms, thriving villages (none over 5,000 population), ozone-laden breezes, almost pure Americanism on the farmsteads—ought not such conditions produce the sturdiest of little folks without much attention?

Just such a community is Dickinson County, Kansas, and its residents thought it nearly perfect. At least they did until something over a year ago, and the story of their conversion is suitable testimony for a health revival meeting. It points the way to a service in which town and country can join with certainty of achieving results.

Folks sniffed a little when the Red Cross chapter with its left-over war funds decided to establish a public nursing station.

"What's the use?" they asked. "We have everything to make our children well and strong, and there's nothing the matter with Kansas, anyhow."

But the chapter fitted up a room in the county seat and installed a most energetic trained nurse, alive with enthusiasm and resourcefulness. Part of her duties were to aid anywhere in the county those unable to pay for a nurse's services; but she had another vision. That was to sell the gospel of child health to the farmers' families, and she began where her prospective customers lived.

She announced that there would be a "survey," an examination of every child in the public schools—over three thousand of them. And such a ruction as it caused! "It was funny the way I was criticised," she smilingly remarked as she sat at her literature-covered desk. "Farmers' wives told me to my face that I was making a nuisance of myself. 'Our children have plenty to eat,' they declared; 'they are out of doors all the time, nearly; they are well. Why should you or any one else paw them over? We'll take care of our youngsters.' They were honest about it, too, and believed that everything was all right as it was. That was not the worst of it—two or three physicians objected to it. They said that they were in the families of their patients frequently and knew every child by his first name. They would see to it if anything were wrong.

"Somehow the physicians did not seem to realize that knowing a child's first name did not mean any knowledge of his actual physical condition until there was real illness. However, I had the backing of the county physician and the dentists and a lot of good women.

"Well, the dates were given out when schools were to be visited, and with the authority of the county physician we had the power to compel inspection. We went at it seriously. With a dentist in the party, we weighed, probed, and peeped at every child in 123 country and town schools, and sent to their parents written reports of what we found. Here is what we discovered."

She handed me the tabulated report of the survey—of a rural community, remember, where normal conditions on the surface seem ideal for child health.

The examiners made records of 3,632 children, and they found that 2,317 were defective—over 63 per cent. Of the defectives 836 were under-weight, with other defects, and 1,237 were suffering from malnutrition. That is, one-third of the children of this community were undernourished. When the larger towns were eliminated, one of them containing many Mexican children, the percentage of malnutrition showed a decrease, but the rural districts alone had over one-fifth of their children thus affected. Only 878 children (24 per cent) were normal and without physical defect.

The survey startled the county, and things began to happen. One result was an indignant protest from some parents, who declared that they would see their own physician about it—which was exactly what the nurse wanted. She had the figures to show that this was badly needed, for there were reported 216 cases (7 per cent) of defective vision; 23 cases (1 per cent) of defective hearing; 125 cases (4 per cent) of adenoids; 819 cases (28 per cent) of defective tonsils; 1,071 cases (37 per cent) of defective teeth. What could be better than that the home physician and dentist should get busy?

The indignant parents found, when they made their professional calls, that the report card was correct, and many were sensible enough to have such care as was needed. For those who did not a follow-up system was used, and endeavor was made to secure the correction of every defect.

That it paid was demonstrated when the latest re-examination was made and it was found that these defects had been corrected; Eyes, 99; adenoids, 109; tonsils, 215; teeth, 440. More care has been given to the children of the county in the past year than ever in its history—



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which was precisely the object of the movement.

"What is the matter with the farm's health conditions?" I asked the nurse. She has been for two years driving almost every day over the county, entering sick-rooms, advising mothers, holding conferences and mothers' meetings and visiting, inspecting children—she ought to know.

"The point of view," she declared. "I have been in hundreds of farm homes and am a farmer's daughter myself. The farmstead is considered too much as a natural health resort. The health condition of the children does not get the attention given in similarly prosperous city homes. The physician is far away; it is expensive, hence he is called only when somebody is seriously ill. There's plenty to eat, but too often the things that are served are not fitted for the children—they are fitted for father and the working hands, and everybody eats the same. Yes, there's plenty of milk; but you would be surprised to find how many farm children do not drink milk—never have been taught to do so. And it is my opinion that the milk on the farms, in spite of all the big green pastures, is not as pure as the average city milk from inspected dairies.

"Take the teeth. How many farmer children have their teeth examined by dentists every six months, as does many a town child? It is pitiful to watch the examinations with dentists and see how many children's mouths have teeth so badly neglected that they must go through life with bad mouths. The figures speak for themselves, and if we can induce every parent to give real attention to the reports we make we shall have accomplished wonders."

Of course the fact that many defects had been remedied was evidence that the health campaign had been "sold" to the rural communities, but how complete had been the conversion was not really manifest until a test was made through the calling of nine health conferences at as many central points of the county.

"Nobody will come," declared the doubters. "You can't get folks out in a busy season to have children tested."

Publicity helped. Large bills were distributed to every part of the county; every newspaper carried a story, and entertainment was provided as a bait—punch and wafers for the mothers, a free toy balloon for each child.

At each conference were a dentist, a physician, weighing scales, and an elaborate exhibit of baby things. Displays were made in the store windows of each village where the conferences were held. Local women, many of them farmers' wives, and some actually those who had at first opposed a county health drive, were hostesses.

Each morning the nurse and two assistants, together with a bulky collection of charts and other equipment, scurried out of the county seat in the Red Cross Ford, which had already done some 20,000 miles in its journeys of ministration over the county.

Did the mothers come? They did—until the schoolrooms where the sessions were held were crowded to standing room. Nearly 400 children, many of them babies, were brought to the examining committee, registered, and a report made of their physical condition. Then there were talks on how to keep children well, how to correct malnutrition, how to build up bodily strength, and all applicable to rural life as well as to that of the villages. The State Board of Health sent two representatives, and a National officer of the Red Cross gathered information for use in other similar conferences to be held in other States.

"This is only a start," was the county nurse's dictum when the last baby had been weighed. "There are five thousand families in this county, and we ought to reach every one to be sure that the conditions are favorable for child development." Last year she made 633 free nursing visits and 1,289 sanitary inspection calls. She found in one village suburb families living in squalor that seems unbelievable in a country community; ordered them taken to the county farm, the houses renovated and fumigated and put in order. She found patients with high fever lying between old army blankets, and provided clean linen. She advised clean-ups in scores of homes, town and country, and generally made herself useful. Canteen and motor service was always on call and did actual every-day service.

"The farm home is often sadly lacking in sanitary conditions," she went on. "It is not because of parsimony or intention—just neglect and thoughtlessness. The family on a farmstead is to some extent isolated, and a family independence grows up through generations that often fails to receive gracefully advice from outside. The town folks talk things over in groups and learn to accept new ideas. Now we are trying to accomplish the same thing with the rural communities, and what has been done in this county can be done anywhere.

"But it requires two things: money and an organization to support the undertaking by personal interest and assistance. The local Red Cross is best adapted to do this, and if the work is carried on properly there are abundant dividends in a higher standard of health for the coming generation."

"Just what do you mean is wrong with the farmstead?" I asked.

"Sanitation and system, I suppose, would cover it. Too little attention is paid by the average farmer to the surroundings of the house, the disposition of sewage, the proper location of a well. It is easy to throw refuse out of the back door—and I have seen homes where this was done. Hog and cattle herds are too near the house. Bathtubs are coming in, but they are too scarce. Every farmer these days can have a modern bathroom and running water in the house, but thousands of wives carry the water from an outside well.

"System is necessary in the formative years of the child. The farm wife seldom has kitchen help; such assistance is almost impossible to obtain on the farm. The babies get loving care, but not scientific care unless there is wise advice. That is why we have held mothers' meetings in the country schoolhouses, and it is wonderful how many young mothers come and freely admit their ignorance of the basic principles of baby-raising. It's their best crop, and yet gets less attention than others."

I was curious to know how the average individual on the outside looked at this innovation in public service. Perhaps one well-to-do farmer expressed it as well as any one. "I'll tell you frankly," he said, "I was against it at first. Our taxes are high, and it seemed foolishness to contribute to this new-fangled nurse and health idea. But last winter, when our girl was sick with fever, and we couldn't get a nurse for love or money, and mother was about worn out, nothing ever looked so good to me as that little Ford with the Red Cross sign on the radiator turning into the yard. We not only got help, but a lot of sensible advice. I was willing to pay for it all, but there was no charge—but they haven't lost anything. I'm for it strong. It's the first honest-to-goodness thing I ever knew this community to do to help the women folks, and I guess it won't hurt us men folks either."

This story of what one county has done is not set down as a unique example; the same task is being carried on in many other counties, not only of Kansas, but of other States. It has, however, been so systematized here and is so broad in its plans as to serve as a working model.

The experience emphasizes the importance of a larger measure of watchfulness even in a theoretically clean and healthful rural community. If under the conditions surrounding such a section there can be found so great a need for intensive health work, what may be the field in others less favorably situated?

It all brings us back to the truth that in health, as well as in other things, it is not location that spells perfection, but individual initiative and effort. The records of the draft are being used as a rather shocking exhibit of the low average physical condition of the young men of America, and these records are scarcely less encouraging for the agricultural States than for those with great cities. While the farmer is from early to late thinking and working to develop his fields and herds, he is likely to think that because there is plenty of out-of-doors, plenty of food, plenty of exercise, there must necessarily be plenty of health. In just one way can he find out the facts—by setting in motion the machinery that will show actual conditions and point the path toward their improvement. After that must come the willingness to correct deficiencies.

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# WHENEVER I SEE A GRAY HORSE

## BY E. V. LUCAS

I

ALL horses are beautiful, but a gray can be more beautiful than any.

You remember Tagalie, who won the Derby in 1912? She was a pretty gray, if you like!

No matter what the horse may be—racer or teamster—there is always something peculiarly attractive in a gray.

One does not see a pair of high-stepping grays very often now, in these days of petrol and machinery, yet when one does how they can make the heart beat!

But in future whenever I see them I shall be conscious only of a sharp pain.

In future whenever I see a gray horse I shall feel indignation and shame flushing through me.

II

"Of course you will go to a bull-fight while you are there," every one had said.

"I suppose so," I had replied. "It would be ridiculous to be in Spain and miss the chance. One, at any rate."

III

The setting of a bull-fight is wonderful.

First and foremost, you are in Spain, and to be in Spain is to be thrilled.

You may not care for much that is Spanish; but Spain is a country like no other: it is so old and so self-contained; it is so lazy and so hot; it has such vast cathedrals and such noble bridges; such flowers and such fruits; and in Spain nobody cares and everybody sleeps.

Above all, it is a country of the past.

Spain still has a million mules to every motor car, and at any moment the muleteers might all have reined up to look with the greater ease and thoroughness at the odd figure of the rider of Rosinante as he approached, lance in rest.

The very sheep that tragic romantic gentleman took for armies you may watch from the train as they graze where no grass is visible. You find the same windmills that he thought were giants waving their arms. The paths are as steep, the plains as vast and as uninhabited, and the food is as simple and plentiful as when the Knight of the Rueful Countenance sought his adventures.

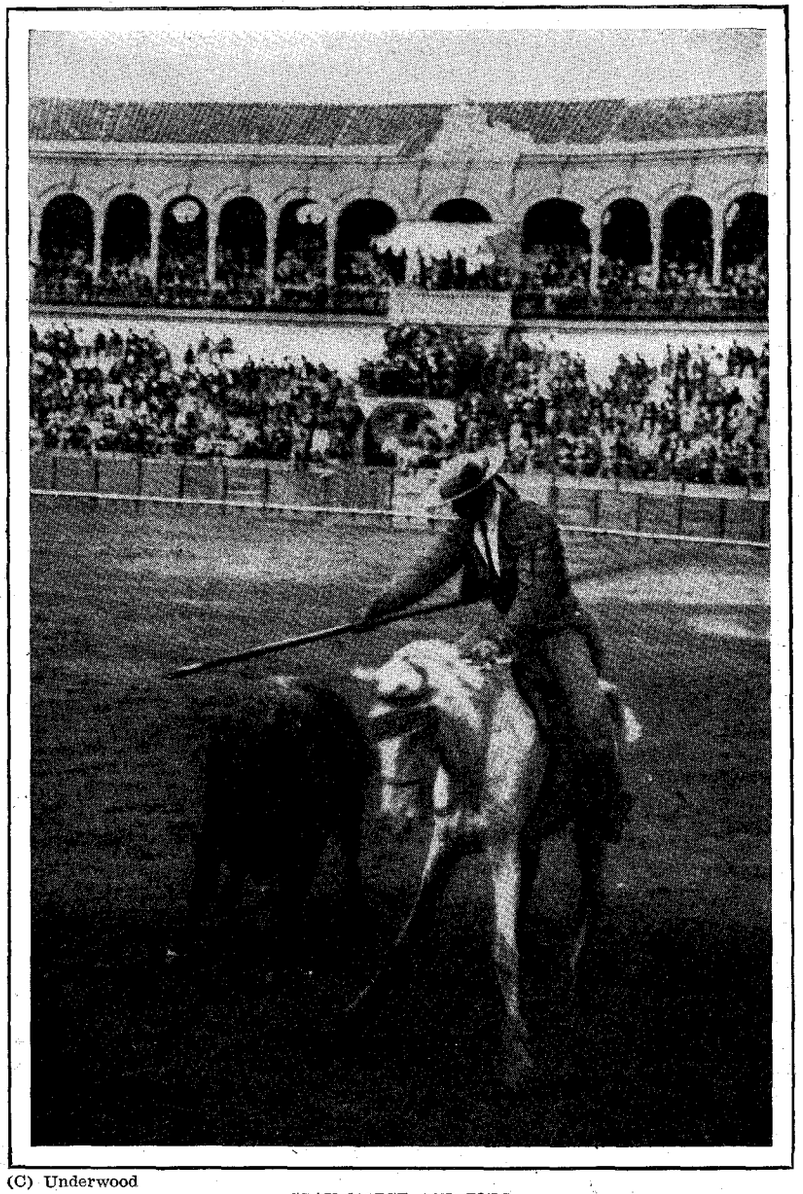
Were he to return, he would, outside the cities, find almost nothing new but the scent of tobacco.

IV

None of the preparations for a great spectacle can be dull; but to the stranger—and perhaps to the initiated—those of a bull-fight have special intensity. The atmosphere is charged with excitement.

There is so much to watch!

The great gay arena itself, with its myriad seats gradually filling under no roof but the blue of the sky.



(C) Underwood

GRAY HORSE AND BULL

The yellow-and-red-patterned sand of the ring.

The spectators seeking their places, all carrying cushions to put on the hard bricks; all animated, hailing their friends, laughing, disputing, expectant, and full of that odd blend of carelessness, leisureliness, and independence which makes Spain more democratic even than that great Republic of the West which but for a Spanish sailor might never have been heard of.

The women with their black black eyes and red red lips, their lace veils, and their swaying voluptuous contours.

When they have found their places and have spread their dazzling shawls on the railing, they look around, while the men turn on them their long, bold, appraising gaze.

(Why is it that in Latin countries the glance is so neglected and the stare such a rite?)

And over all is the sun; everything is swimming in his hot light.

In the ring is activity too. A gang of men are sprinkling the colored sand with a long hose; others are carrying the various implements of the spectacle—poles, darts, cloaks.

Now and then one of the actual heroes, all brilliant in his uniform, will emerge from a doorway and, walking round the narrow circular passage outside the barrier, collect homage, return salutations, here and there touching the hand of an admirer and exchanging a word or two. How proud the admirer!

A brass band in hot orange uniform plays from time to time; but the symphony of human voices is constant, amid it rising occasionally the louder cries of the water-sellers and the fruit-sellers and the sellers of cigarettes and cigars.

I know of no scene more sparkling, more glaringly showy, than this.



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And whenever I see a gray horse I shall see it.

But whenever I see a gray horse I shall also see . . .

V

And then, four o'clock having come, the trumpets (it is the only occasion on which Spain is punctual) sound the start, and at the blast two police officers in traditional black-velvet robes canter into the ring and, advancing towards the royal box, make their obeisance and receive permission to begin. They then return to the entrance and lead in the army of attack—the *matadores*, the *banderilleros*, the *capeadores*, and the *picadores*, with all the camp-followers about them, and, lastly, the harnessed mules that are to drag away the carcasses.

In they come, marching to the brazen music and throwing their glittering chests; a formidable array, indeed, to encounter the puzzled, frightened creature from an Andalusian farm which for the last few hours has been fretting and pawing in the pitch-darkness of a cell a few yards from the arena!

All having made their salutations, the ring is cleared, save for the *capeadores*, or cloak-wavers, and the great moment arrives.

VI

The business of goading and killing a bull lasts for about twenty minutes, and these twenty minutes are made up of moments of interest and excitement that are sometimes intense; but the only really great moment is the first.

You look around, and the arena is empty save for a few men with red cloaks at the far side.

Then—suddenly—the bull.

The barrier has opened and shut again, and there he is—all lonely and surprised, with a questioning air not unmingled with annoyance, his great brown head lowered.

For a while he stands still, taking what stock his eyes, muddled by the recent darkness and the present glare, are capable of.

Where he is he has no notion, for he has never seen anything like this before.

The sun has become so dazzling.

Fourteen thousand human beings are watching.

And the colors that he hates are everywhere: the ground is red and yellow, and, over there, what are those moving figures with red cloths?

He tries to get back, and there is no door.

He begins to scent danger. . . .

The bull, I take it, does not know what his fate is to be; for who could have informed him? Dead bulls tell no tales. Nor why should he imagine anything so unpleasant? He had been well cared for; and those other bulls, his friends, who from time to time had left the farm, had, it is true, never returned, but there was no reason to suppose that cruelty or harm had befallen them.

The bull may not know, but very soon he comes to suspect. . . .

This bull was suspicious now. He was also getting very angry.

But the principal impression that he conveyed was one of perplexity. To him the whole thing was so bewildering it was an outrage. . . .

VII

The *capeadores* now advanced to fulfill their purpose, which is to increase this perplexity.

One hears that these men carry their lives in their hands, but I saw no sign of the bull being an antagonist to be feared by any expert practitioner; for, apart altogether from his bemused condition, his onset is so undisciplined, his rushes are so brainless and mechanical, that to deflect his course is easy; and he seems to have been gifted by Providence with neither idea nor power of turning and beginning again. Once past the cloak, which engages all his attention, he is innocuous until the next provocation sets in.

Fear is, however, not absent, for the *capeadores* are continually fleeing to the shelter of the barrier with ignominious speed.

VIII

Each *capeador* having displayed his prowess and address, applause being awarded him according to his proximity to the bull and the exercise of the minimum of movement in avoiding him—merely to sway the body away being, of course, far more admirable than to use the feet (but, oh, how pathetically dazed and stupid the creature is!)—the next act begins.

The horses enter.

IX

Whenever I see a gray horse I shall see, above all, one of these, who was also gray.

All four of them were thin and old, but the gray was the oldest and the leanest. Its emaciation was terrible; and the man on its back was so large and robust and prosperous.

I have said that the bull probably does not know his fate, although he must come to suspect it; but, since certain of the horses have left bull-rings alive (even though surviving only to enter again), some tidings of their destiny have no doubt reached the others.

And this poor old gray may have known.

But had he known, he could not have appeared more hopeless, more despairingly in need of friendship from that super-animal of whom he is notoriously the friend.

But there was no kindness for him there.

On each horse was a brawny fellow in gay trappings, carrying a long pole with an iron spike at the end; and all wore, for what I was to learn was a good reason, thick leggings and enormous boots.

The time having come, the horses' eyes were covered with black bandages, and the second act of the drama began in earnest.

I was expecting to see steeds capable of escaping from the bull's attacks. I now learned that towards them, all blind and quiescent and infirm, the bull had to be lured and cheated into the assault.

This cheating is the task of the men with the red cloaks; it is they who by a series of rushes gradually bring the angry, puzzled creature near a horse and persuade him that that horse is his foe.

What the natural attitude of a bull to a horse is I cannot say; but I should doubt if it is hostile. I seem to have seen horses and cattle grazing peacefully in common.

The old gray certainly could have had no quarrel with the bull, nor the bull with him; but by the time the *capeadores* and *picadores* have done their duty a bull is incapable of distinguishing anything and might think its favorite cow its deadliest enemy.

So then, finding itself near the gray, whose only offense was this contiguity, and who was being held up by the surrounding athletes so that there might be no evasion, the bull, so incapable of any form of retaliation on all these quick-witted, quick-footed men, lowered its head and charged. . . .

It was the most sickening and debased moment of my life.

The tottering victim was actually lifted from the ground. . . .

Its bowels. . . .

The bull was now lost to all shame. He had found a butt and was wreaking his muddled vengeance on it.

Again and again the horns entered and tore; his shaggy head was bright with blood.

At the first shock the horse was astounded; his whole body trembled with astonishment and pain. Then he gradually sank and fell over, his rider winning rounds of applause by remaining in the saddle till the last possible moment. Not exactly in the saddle, but half in and half out, the leg nearest the bull, and therefore in the danger zone, having long been lifted. . . .

Upholders of bull-fights have said to me that the circumstance that the horses are so old and must soon die, anyway, is a palliation. But is it?

I doubt if this disemboweling, though no doubt essential to the sport, need be so deliberate.

The gray being no longer game—for even the loyalest horse must fail to provide further amusement when most of his vital organs are strewing the ground—the *capeadores* drew the bull away towards another.

But he seemed to have lost interest in them.

He was incited by every device; he was stabbed in the shoulder by the *picadores;* but he did no more than gore two of the horses with so casual a disdain that it was possible, when this session of the fight closed, for them to be cantered off with only a few of their entrails hanging out.

X

In the next act the bull is engaged and enraged by the *banderilleros*, who, holding a ribboned dart in each hand, maneuver until they are in position and

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then fling them into his skin in a sensitive part just behind the head, where they prick and sting and infuriate.

There seemed to be some danger in this proceeding, but attendant *capeadores*, all ready with distractions, dilute it.

And then came the final scene, when the *matador* administers the fatal thrust.

For the bull has no sporting chance. He never escapes.

With his long sharp rapier concealed by his cloak—although not so concealed, I fancied, that the bull was without suspicion, or, shall I say (for he must have been tiring of so much life), without hope?—the famous artist played with his victim for a few minutes with perfect composure and mastery, and then, seizing his opportunity, plunged the steel into its side, near the shoulder, and left it there.

The bull staggered a little, regained its steadiness, looked round at us all wonderingly and with a hint of reproach, and made an effort to regain its strength; and then its knees bent and it rolled over and, quivering, expired.

It was a record kill, I understand, and the spectators were rapturous.

And then in trotted the two teams of mules, with their tackle, one of which dragged the carcass of the bull out of the arena that he had dignified and the other the carcass of the gray horse, which had been left where it fell, dead, done for and negligible.

And the great gay concourse, of which I had made one, lit new cigarettes and exchanged criticisms on the merits of the fray, and prepared for the next encounter.

XI

But I had seen enough.

My ticket entitled me to witness the deaths of five more of the handsomest bulls of Andalusia; but I came away.

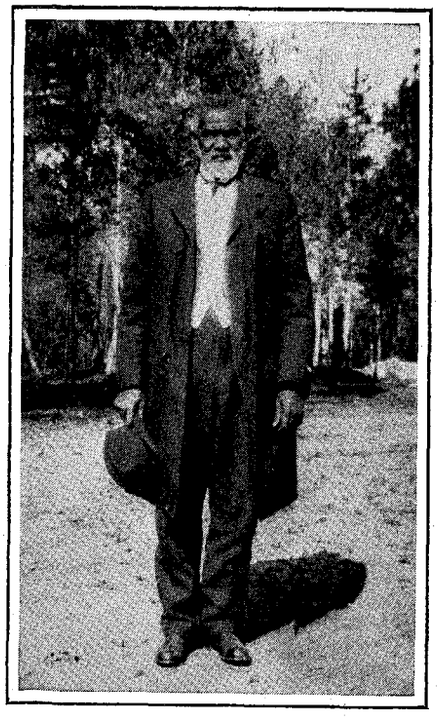
And now, and henceforward, whenever I see a gray horse. . . .

# SURE FOUNDATIONS[1]

## BY L. H. HAMMOND

IN Wake County, North Carolina, James Dunston was born, before the war, but born free, as his father had been before him. His father's parents had been set free by their owner before his father's birth; but why the thing was done he does not know. There were almost half a million of these "free people of color," as they were called, in the United States in 1860. Most of them were in the South, and the causes of their freedom were numerous. Frequently a master allowed a very efficient or favored slave to take charge of himself. Such a man, usually skilled in some trade, would hire himself out, paying his master a stated sum each year and keeping the rest for himself. In this way not infrequently slaves saved enough to buy themselves; and sometimes they were able to buy their wives and children too. Many were set free because their masters did not believe in slavery. George Washington's will provided that all his slaves should be set free at his wife's death; but Mrs. Washington, we are told, as soon as she learned of this provision, insisted on their being set free at once. Some masters, like John Randolph, of Virginia, not only set their slaves free, but bequeathed money to buy land for them in a free State and to transport them thither. In this way several prosperous colonies were planted in the Middle West.

Some slaves were set free in gratitude or affection, after especially faithful service. A few won their freedom by some deed of courage or sacrifice. There is the famous case of the slave in Charleston, South Carolina, who saved St. Michael's from the flames. This quaint and ancient Episcopal church, one of the oldest in the country, whose bricks were brought from England in colonial times, and in which many of the State's most distinguished men have worshiped, is dear to all South Carolinians, regardless of church connections. The story goes that a fire which swept a whole section



JAMES DUNSTON

of the city was stayed by herculean effort before it reached the church; but just as everybody thought it safe a great gust of wind blew a bit of burning timber high against the old wooden steeple, where it caught and lodged. A groan went up from the crowd. The church seemed doomed, for human hands could never reach that dangerous peak. The people stood in silent sorrow, watching. Suddenly from a slit-like window on the side of the steeple appeared a man, who began to climb up towards the brand. They looked every second to see him fall to his death; he was attempting the impossible. Yet as if by miracle he went on. Higher and higher he crept. At last he reached and seized the brand and flung it clear of the beloved building, down to the churchyard, harmless. A great shout went up, to be stilled instantly. Could he possibly come down safe? Must he pay with his life for the church? They watched, breathless, till he reached the window again and disappeared inside. Who was he? They searched one another's faces to see which of their every-day companions was absent, turned hero in an hour. And then the church door opened—and a Negro slave came out. The story says—I heard it long ago as a child and afterwards in Charleston, at the foot of the tower stairs, from the old sexton—the story says that when he stepped out Charleston gasped for a moment, and then it cheered! And the Mayor came forward and caught the black man's hand; and after the Mayor came the crowd. The slave's master was among them; and then and there he gave him the freedom he had so bravely earned.

Perhaps he became one of the prosperous free Negroes about Charleston, several of whom owned both land and slaves, as did a number of wealthy free Negroes in New Orleans. But these fortunate freedmen were the exceptions. The lot of such people was often harder than that of the slaves. With no white people to look to for protection or to care for them in sickness or old age, often looked upon with suspicion by their white neighbors, envied, perhaps, and yet despised by the slaves, unable to mingle freely with the people of their own race, and exploited by unscrupulous whites, from whom they had no protection, life was indeed difficult for many of this class.

James Dunston's parents found it so. His father rented land from a white farmer, and worked as hard as he could. But the land was poor, nothing was known about scientific agriculture, and farm machinery was a thing of the future. The family was a large one, and the task of filling the hungry mouths was almost more than the father and mother could manage. They lived in a poor little cabin, and knew nothing of the most ordinary comforts of life; but both parents were devout Christians, and they brought their children up with Christian ideas of honesty and kindness in all their doings.

This boy had one great ambition: he

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"ONE OF JAMES DUNSTON'S FOUR CHURCHES. . . . IT IS A WELL-KEPT BUILDING SEATING ABOUT TWO HUNDRED PEOPLE"

wanted to learn to read. There were no schools for Negroes anywhere when he was a boy, away back in slavery times. If he had been a slave, he might have been fortunate enough to find among "his white folks" somebody—his Christian mistress, perhaps, or one of her daughters—who would have gratified his great desire and started him on the path to knowledge; that was done in many cases. But who was there to teach a free Negro, a bit of driftwood on the current of life for whom nobody cared and whose existence mattered to nobody? He knew what a wild dream it was; and yet he clung to it.

He grew up working on his father's rented place, with poor food and poorer shelter as work's utmost reward. When he was fifteen, he became a Christian and joined the Baptist church. This was in 1866; and not long afterward a most wonderful thing happened—a school was opened in a log hut not very far away, a school for Negroes!

He was most tremendously excited about it. The school teacher was a Negro—miracle number two! He was going to that school, whether he had anything to eat or not; he was going to learn to read.

He got a blue-backed spelling book and started in, as eager a scholar as ever a teacher had. But it was only a little while before his hopes were all in ruins; for he found out before he could read anything but a few detached words that he already knew as much as his teacher did. He had come to the end of that road. The poor "teacher" did not even know his own ignorance; he knew the alphabet and a few words, and could spell out some others. What more in the way of learning could one aspire to?

James, however, was set on reading the whole Bible right straight along, like—well, like white folks. And, now that he had the key to words, he meant to unlock the Book. If he couldn't have a teacher to help him, he must work it out for himself; for read he must and would.

And he did. He clung to his blue-backed speller and his Bible until he mastered both. It took him years to do it in the brief times of rest between his long hours of work in the field. He married meantime, when he was about twenty years old; and he and his wife started in on the same treadmill life his parents lived—renting a few poor acres and a little cabin and working from sunup till dark for just enough to keep them alive.

But after a while he faced the astonishing fact that he was getting a little ahead—a few dollars left at the end of the year, and never a cent of debt! New vistas opened before him. He really had, and has, the gift of farming as some have the gift of music. He dearly loved it, for one thing, and felt the life of the earth very close to that of the God he loved. No trouble was too small or too great for him to take with growing things. He used his wits, too, and profited by his own experience, and that of others as far as he could learn it. While he was still very young he began to be called a good farmer.

"The white folks called me that," he said, with a smile as shy as a child's. "I hope you won't think I'm boasting; I don't mean it that way. I just worked hard; and I got the name of doing well with the land."

Seven years from the time he was married he bought his first land—four whole acres of it, and all his very own! To this poor freedman of the third generation it must have been a wonderful day. He still rented a place, and made a little more than a living on it; but his own land was clear profit; and before long the four acres had grown to thirty-five. He felt that he had mastered material adversity now and the future lay plain before him.

In other respects it was not at all clear. He was studying his Bible harder than ever, for he had learned to read it all at last, and knew much of it by heart. The simplicity of his faith and its sincerity made it easier for him to see how simple a thing our Lord's way of living is; and he wanted with all his heart to tell other people about it.

"But how could I preach?" he asked, that curious child look again in his eyes. "I was so ignorant. I'm ignorant yet. And for me to set up to teach my people—I was ashamed of myself for even thinking about it! And I kept telling myself it wasn't the Lord calling me; it wasn't anything but my own foolishness; the Lord *couldn't* want anybody like me to preach. I'd put it clean out of my head. And then it would come back. I couldn't get away from it. It kept on that way for years.

"At last I gave in. I was always ready to give in if the Lord really wanted me, of course; and at last it looked to me like maybe he did, and I'd better try it and do the best I could; that would be all he'd ask. So I began, in 1882.

"I kept right on with my farming all the week. I had to do that to live. But I began to preach right there where I lived, to my neighbors; and they gave me $250 a year. My wife was an invalid, and stayed that way until she died nine years ago. We had four children, but they all died. Three of them died when they were babies. The other one lived till she was a little thing running around, 'most three years old; but then she went. I farmed, and preached, and took care of my wife.

"We went through bad times here in North Carolina after the war—reconstruction times, folks called them. It was bad, and it stirred up trouble that lasted a long time. There were some white folks wanted to use the colored folks, especially about election time. It was too much politics; and it wasn't for our good. Our folks were so poor and so ignorant; and they kept expecting somebody to come along and do something for them or give them something, instead of their getting right down to work and doing something for themselves with what muscle and sense the Lord gave them. I made the condition

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of my people a subject of prayer for years, and their relations with white people, too. And I saw what they needed: they needed to work, and to fix up their houses, and to educate their children, and quit depending on politics.

"So after I understood what was needed I tried to settle some of them on land they could buy for themselves. I wanted to help them to own their own homes and be independent. I got two thousand acres, and let them pay for it as fast as they made the money. I owned three hundred acres myself, and began with nothing; so I knew they could do it if they had a mind to."

"But how could you finance so big a project?"

He gave a little chuckling laugh, whether of amusement at my simplicity in being puzzled over a matter so clear or of happiness in the help which had been given him I could not tell.

"Why, the Lord tended to the finances, ma'am; I just had to do the part I could manage. I knew three white men who had plenty of money, and they knew me, and trusted me. They wouldn't have lent the money to the men I wanted to help; they didn't know them like I did. But they lent it to me. Then I picked men I knew I could depend on. Every man on that two thousand acres owns his farm and house now. The farms run from fifty acres to a hundred and sixty. My own land was right there alongside, and I lived with them, plowing and working and running my farm; and of course I showed them everything I knew and could learn about right ways of farming. And on Sundays we all went to my church—that first church I took when I turned preacher, where I've been preaching now thirty-nine years; and we built up a good strong community of Christian people, happy and prosperous, right there on our own land."

"Did you get a school?"

"Why, yes, ma'am. Of course we had to have a school. It was a long time ago when we started, and school money was hard to get for white folks, let alone colored folks. But we went to the county Board of Education; and they said if we would get the land and bear half the cost of the building the county would bear the other half. The matron at Shaw University, up in Raleigh, had some lots down there in the village, and she gave us enough for the school; and we gave our part of the building, some in money and some in work. And of course as we got able we improved it; and the county Board has more money now and gives us more. We've got a real good school."

As time went on other villages in that section of the county grew, and the pastor felt the need of more churches. He persuaded about twenty of his members at Shiloh, the original church, to form a new society at Mebane, which was nearer their farms than the old church; and there he built up a second membership, dividing time between the two churches on Sundays and working on his farm and with his neighbors during the week. At Mebane he preached the same doctrines that had proved so effective at Shiloh: that religion meant living right every day in one's home and with one's neighbors; and that it also meant honest work, thrift, and a fair chance for the children.

In time a third and a fourth church were added after the same fashion to his charge. Then, the two thousand acres being bought and paid for, he secured fourteen hundred acres more, which is still in process of being paid for by the settlers.

"But I ain't farming myself now," he said, with a touch of what would have been regret if he had not been so sure that everything in life happens just right for the man who trusts in God. "You see, I'm seventy years old now, and I ain't—well, not able exactly to work quite so hard. I did my own plowing as long as I could walk between the handles; but for three or four years now I've had to sorter oversee things and tend to my preaching, and have somebody else do the real work. I've been farming ever since I was a little boy; but I've got to where most of my farming is done."

"You've helped a lot of people with your farming," I said.

"Yes'm, I have, with the Lord's help. And I've been able to help with money, too. 'Tain't so much, and yet in all these years it counts up, too. Three or four years after I began to preach I promised the Lord I'd give a tenth of all I made to his work; and I've always had a little something ready when it was needed—twenty-five dollars, or maybe fifty; I ain't never had more than fifty at one time. But then after a while I'd have some more; and in thirty-five years it's right surprising how much it all comes to."

I was talking to him after service at one of his four churches. I had gone eighteen miles in the country from Durham to see the man whom hard-headed business men of his race speak of as though he were of a different clay from the ordinary run of people. "The best Christian I ever knew," said one of them; and another, whose own religion is respected and believed in by men of both races, said in a tone which lent wonderful meaning to his words, "I wish you could *see* him!"—as if nothing short of that would enable one to understand quite what he was like.

So I went to one of his churches, where he had been holding a ten days' meeting. It is a well-kept building, freshly painted, and seating about two hundred people. It was well over half full, this week-day morning, and as I went up the steps I heard through the open windows the quiet, earnest voice of the preacher. He had closed his meeting the night before and baptized his converts. This was just a little farewell talk with the new Christians before he went on his way. They sat on the two front benches, with a goodly gathering of young folks behind them, and the older members on the sides, while he stood behind the altar railing and told them what being a Christian means.

He may not know very much about books, but he knows the Book; he was saturated with it. He said nothing about creed or doctrines; he was talking about the life of Christ in the heart. He stood there in his spotless linen and worn, well-brushed clothes, an upright, gray-haired old man with a fresh, young, unlined face, and a look of one long acquainted with God and joyfully at peace with him. There was something childlike about him—his simplicity, his lack of self-consciousness, and, when the service was over and I spoke to him, a sort of gentle shyness which had in it neither distrust nor self-depreciation.

The people, young and old, gave him all their attention; the entrance of a white stranger passed almost unnoticed. They were all country people; but they were all comfortably and nicely dressed, clean, healthy, prosperous-looking folk. There were a number of men in middle life in the congregation—men who had left their farms in working hours to hear this old man talk about his Master. When he finished and went down to the front benches to shake hands with the new members and bid them Godspeed, the whole membership rose and followed his example. It seemed to the onlooker, as they filed past, that in the older faces was reflected something of the preacher's look. One old woman especially had almost the same air of shining peace.

Somehow the old man seemed to me typical. Most of the service men need cannot be given by learned or gifted people—there are not enough of them to go around. And no unusual equipment is necessary really to help, no unusual gifts; only an unusual faithfulness in the use of ordinary gifts, such faithfulness as any of us may bring to our service if we will.

It was just this simple, loving, faithful service from some who had come to know God that first lifted our own ancestors, and many another wild race, and set their feet on the long road toward Christian civilization. And all over the world to-day this force is at work. It is like the lifting power of light, silently the world around, drawing unnumbered tons of cold, dark earth into the beauty and glory of green leaves, and flowers, and food for a hungry world. This old man with the peace of God in his face made me think of another old colored preacher down in South Carolina. A friend of mine, a Virginian, one of the wisest and most cultivated men I have ever known, said of him, "It is a liberal education to hear that old Negro pray."

It is people of that spirit who lay the real foundations of race or national life —the only foundations that can endure; and this old man as he goes from village to village is one of the real builders of American prosperity and progress.

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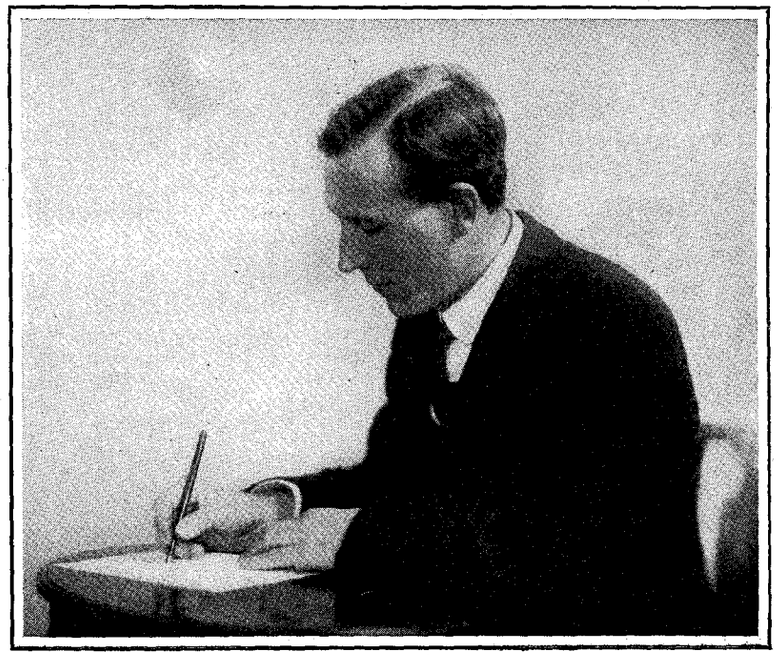
# THE BOOK TABLE

MAZO DE LA ROCHE



J. D. BERESFORD

## FOUR NOVELS OF QUALITY

OUT of a score or more of novels and tales that have reached this Book Table of ours in the early spring there are four in particular that have left an impression of combined quality and strength. They are of the kind that will not only afford immediate pleasure, but will recur to memory and imagination when the seasonal wave of fiction has passed along and the frantic publicity of sensation-mongering and gloomy morbidity has died away.

It is an added satisfaction to find this element of sound art and human appeal in the work of writers not especially famous. Indeed, one feels disappointment in several of the novels just put out under exceedingly well known names. Tastes differ, and liking or not liking is rightly based on individual tastes. To be arbitrary in criticism is to be foolish; yet I will venture the opinion that the just-published stories of Arnold Bennett, Archibald Marshall, Miss Sinclair, Henry Sydnor Harrison, Richard Washburn Child, and two or three others, will not take hold of the readers as notably as their best previous work. In some of these cases (notably with Miss Sinclair's "Harriet Frean") the thing is done with finished art, but was not really worth doing at all; in other cases (notably "Saint Teresa," by the author of "Queed") the theme and problem are well conceived but the execution is over-elaborated, and therefore the action drags. Compared with these the names of William Caine, Mazo de la Roche, J. D. Beresford, and Herbert Quick are little known.

Mr. Caine, the English author of the oddly named "Mendoza and a Little Lady,"[1] is not exactly a new writer; but few American novel-readers could recall the names of two or three stories of his published "before the war." Certainly he has produced nothing comparable with this little book. Perhaps some one else can define "charm;" I can't; but this story has it! It has also what Henry Harland's stories had—delicacy of touch, pervading but gentle humor, the power of creating characters who win one's affection and sympathy. Mendoza, the Little Lady, and the buoyant and irresponsible young "Jones" who suddenly discovers that he loves his comrade, "Smith" (the Little Lady), are simply delightful people to meet. Each is an artist of marvelous skill in black-and-white or in designing or in caricature, while the two "villains" are heartless and avaricious art collectors—a novelty, surely, in fiction. Mendoza, famous and well-to-do, beautifully conceals his own passion for the Little Lady and acts as a sort of fairy godfather to his two impecunious comrades. The younger man reminds one a little of Locke's "Septimus," but is much more real. The whole thing is lighter than a feather; but, like the Little Lady's wonderful small-scale drawings, it is exquisitely done.

For a time, as Mazo de la Roche's "Explorers of the Dawn"[2] lay on the Table, my impression was that it would turn out to be a mystical, die-away romance by a Portuguese author. Happy disillusionment came quickly. I happened to notice on the cover jacket Christopher Morley's commendation of this story by a new Canadian writer to "those who utter the names of Barrie and Kenneth Grahame with a special sound of voice" and his assurance that through the story one might look as from a window into the Almost Forgotten Land of Childhood. The scene may be in Toronto, or any other Canadian or English city with a cathedral. It doesn't in the least matter. The last chapters are clogged with plot incidents out of key with the book as a whole. Neither does that matter. Nothing matters but the three children; their adopted terrier; their friends the bishop and the cobbler; Mary Ellen, their big-hearted Irish cook and abettor in crime; and their severe but not really inhuman ogre-governess, who rejoices in the name of Mrs. Handsomebody. And of the three children—the Angel, John (the narrator), and the Seraph—the least is the dearest. The quaintness and friendly fun of the story will endear it to all lovers of children and childhood—and that is a mighty big order!

Mr. Beresford has done nothing for several years, probably not since he wrote "Jacob Stahl," that is in any way equal to his new book.[3] The situation is morally dramatic. It subtly brings out the tragedy of weakness yielded to until it becomes master. These prisoners of Hartling are prisoners only to their lack of courage and energy. A malevolent old man has the fixed and single desire to control and, in a sort of way, enslave his kinsfolk. His one pleasure in life is that of making these people subservient to himself. He sees that they are comfortable in every

[1] Mendoza and a Little Lady. By William Caine. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.75.
[2] Explorers of the Dawn. By Mazo de la Roche. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. $2.50.
[3] The Prisoners of Hartling. By J. D. Beresford. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.



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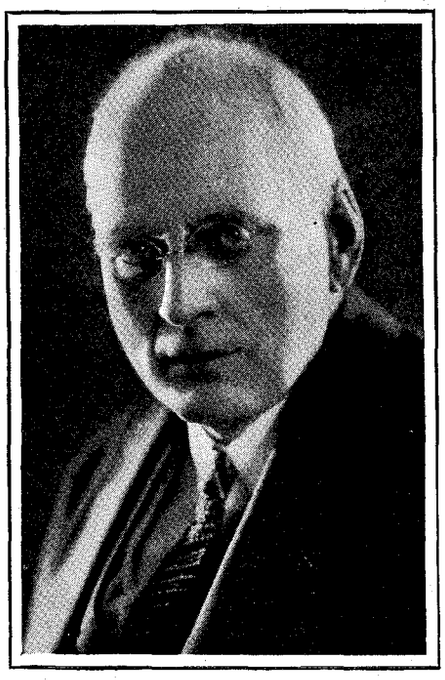
material way, but none of them must break away from him or thwart his will. He tries to "add to his collection," as some one in the book says, a young doctor, but in the end the doctor escapes and takes the old man's niece with him. The shock to the old man in having some one stand out against him is so great that he collapses and dies. The "prisoners," instead of inheriting wealth, are left to the mercy of the old man's sister, and the story ends with the intimation that their last lot is worse than the first.

Herbert Quick has done good work in the magazines and has other novels to his credit, but if he has done anything within sight of "Vandemark's Folly,"[4] I am certainly sorry to have missed it. His "Aladdin & Company," if I remember rightly, had a graphic pen picture of Western town booming. The present story does for the open Iowa prairie country in the early settlement days, say from 1855 on, exactly what "Main Street" didn't do for the small town. It gives a fair picture of men, women, and things. It doesn't rave about God's country, God's open air, or God's wilderness. It doesn't indulge in high-flown apostrophes to nature. It just shows us the people, the rough times they pulled through, the trouble with bad men and foolish women, the settlers' summary way of dealing with land jumpers, the sturdy push to build up the splendid farm country. All through run the romance and adventure of Jacob Vandemark—"Cow Vandemark" they called him because he drove cows instead of

[4] Vandemark's Folly. By Herbert Quick. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.



HERBERT QUICK

horses hitched to his prairie schooner from New York to Iowa, and by deft trading reached his goal with quite a little herd of cattle. Jacob began work as an abused lad, became a canal-boat driver, sold his claim to an inheritance for an outfit and a deed of what turned out to be mostly swamp land in Iowa. Once there, by his Dutch persistence and good judgment he began to prosper. As an old man he here recounts his adventures with sly humor and solid satisfaction.

I quote a graphic pen-picture of the trek westward:

> Here we went, oxen, cows, mules, horses; coaches, carriages, blue jeans, corduroys, rags, tatters, silks, satins, caps, tall hats, poverty, riches; speculators, missionaries, land-hunters, merchants; criminals escaping from justice; couples fleeing from the law; families seeking homes; the wreck of homes seeking secrecy; gold-seekers bearing southwest to the Overland Trail; politicians looking for places in which to win fame and fortune; editors hunting opportunities for founding newspapers; adventurers on their way to everywhere; lawyers with a few books; Abolitionists going to the Border War; innocent-looking outfits carrying fugitive slaves; officers hunting escaped Negroes; and most numerous of all, homeseekers "hunting country"—a nation on wheels, an empire in the commotion and pangs of birth.

A deep-hearted love story runs in and through the narrative; nothing is finer in the book than the way in which Jacob, brought up in coarse surroundings, instinctively finds manhood and honor in putting aside sensuous temptation under strange circumstances. The book has value as a human record of steadfastness and courage, as a picturesque account of American development and as a tale of action and incident. Readers who enjoy such books as Hamlin Garland's "A Son of the Middle Border" and Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster" will like this book greatly; in story interest it is superior to either.

R. D. TOWNSEND.

# THE NEW BOOKS

### TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

**GLORY THAT WAS GREECE (THE).** By J. C. Stobart. Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ltd., London.

A new printing of a book that has received merited praise from critics on both sides of the Atlantic. The wealth of illustration and the easy style of the author make the book a suitable one for reading clubs that may desire to take up the study of Hellenism, while for the "general reader" there is probably nothing else on the subject so good.

**ISLE OF VANISHING MEN (THE).** By W. F. Alder. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $2.

This is an account of adventures in New Guinea among cannibal tribes—not intended as a scientific account of these people, we judge, but meant for easy reading by Americans who thirst for "thrillers." As such, the book has undoubted merit. There are numerous illustrations, sufficiently horrible, of the anthropophagi.

### HISTORY AND POLITICAL ECONOMY

**ZIONISM AND WORLD POLITICS.** By Horace Meyer Kallen, Ph.D. A Study in History and Social Psychology. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City. $3.50.

This book is more than "a study of Zionism," more than a study of "the Jewish problem;" it is a study in "world politics." He who is already well informed on the subject of world politics may find value in the book as representing with considerable ability one not uninfluential point of view. But he who has not already well-settled opinions on present European conditions founded on reasonably accurate knowledge of facts must read this book, if he reads it at all, with great caution and much reserve. An author who regards Lenine as a statesman who "perhaps more than any other statesman in Europe realizes the organic character of modern industrialization," and who has nothing better to say of Mr. Hoover's magnificent organization of a world charity for peoples suffering death by starvation as a result of Lenine's statesmanship than that Hoover might have accomplished something, "but got befooled and diverted by the politics of the coming Presidential campaign," cannot be taken very seriously as a historian of current events.

### MISCELLANEOUS

**ROMANCE OF BUSINESS (THE).** By W. Cameron Forbes. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.65.

Is your son poised on the verge of a career? Is he divided between the impulse to enter business or to serve one of the arts? Does he shrink from a business career because, as Mr. Forbes bluntly puts it, "business is constantly being held up as something reprehensible and corrupt"? A spirited denial of this assumption largely comprises the theme of his book. The former Governor of the Philippine Islands wants it understood by the youth of the land that the captain of industry need not necessarily hang his head, and that he is not only a worthy figure, but a romantic one. He offers in evidence chapters on textiles, steel, transportation, electricity, finance and banking, capital and labor, and the power of thrift, but there is no romantic glow to his pages in support of his thesis. The book contains a clear and often interesting digest of industrial data; but its movement is perfunctory and sluggish; it is never quickened by the romantic impulse.

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In our review of Sir William Osler's "Evolution of Modern Medicine" (published by the Yale University Press, New Haven) in The Outlook of March 8, the price of the book was wrongly given as $3. This should have been $6.

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## The Future of the Methodists

*Inside View*, by DR. ERNEST F. TITTLE, minister of Methodism's cathedral church at Evanston, Chicago.

*Outside View*, by DR. WILLIAM E. BARTON, Congregationalist, moderator of the Congregational National Council.

## The Future of the Baptists

*Inside View*, by DR. W. H. P. FAUNCE, president of Brown University.

*Outside View*, by BISHOP FRANCIS J. MCCONNELL, a Methodist.

## The Future of the Congregationalists

*Inside View*, by DR. ALBERT PARKER FITCH, professor of the History of Religion, Amherst College.

*Outside View*, by DR. LYNN HAROLD HOUGH, a Methodist, minister Central church, Detroit.

## The Future of the Episcopalians

*Inside View*, by DR. SAMUEL MCCOMB, dean of Cambridge Divinity School.

*Outside View*, by DR. PETER AINSLIE, a Disciple, president Association for the Promotion of Christian Unity.

## The Future of the Presbyterians

*Inside View*, by DR. CLELAND B. MCAFEE, professor in McCormick Theological Seminary.

*Outside View*, by DR. ORVIS F. JORDAN, a Disciple, minister First church, Evanston.

## The Future of the Disciples of Christ

*Inside View*, by DR. W. E. GARRISON, dean Disciples Divinity House, The University of Chicago.

*Outside View*, by DR. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, minister Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City.

Other denominations—UNITARIAN, LUTHERAN, ROMAN CATHOLIC, FRIENDS, and still others—will be included in later announcements. The examinations will be carried to the very foundations of the denominational system. Pro and con, the relation of denominationalism to Christianity will be considered, introduced by two articles:

## "An Apologetic for the Denomination"

By BISHOP THOMAS NICHOLSON of the Methodist Church

## "The Denomination as a Hindrance to Religion"

By DR. OZORA S. DAVIS, president Chicago Theological Seminary

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# DENOMINATIONS

*this theme in the Christian Century during the year 1922*

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5. SINNING AT LONG RANGE—Bernard Shaw's "Widow's Houses."
6. SECOND HAND SINNING—Kipling's "Tomlinson."
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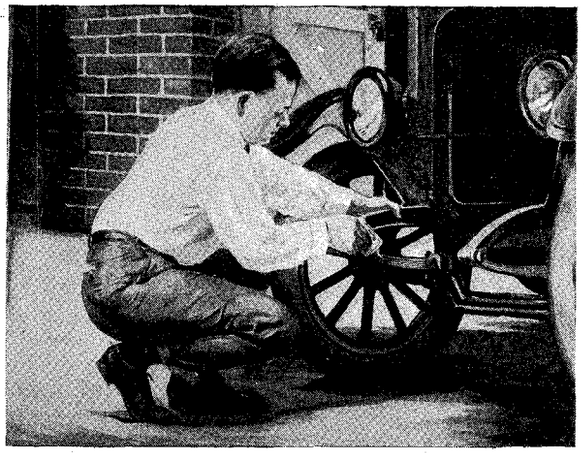

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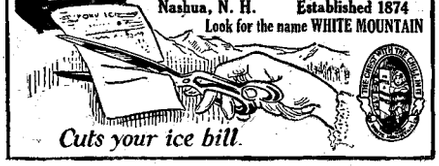

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## A REFUGE FOR THE PRONGHORN

My father was a pioneer plainsman of western Kansas, and it fell to my lot to spend much of my time on the plains with cattle. Antelope without number were on the range, and I would watch them in their playful antics so much that it is not strange that in a country where there was a dearth of playmates I came to look upon these antelope as real friends, and that their passing was a source of more real regret to me than was the passing of the buffalo.

When caught young, they soon became very tame and gentle and were delightful pets; but here enters the real tragedy in connection with their preservation, and it is a point which I think should be considered in this discussion. It is impossible to rear them under the restraint of the small parks or zoölogical gardens. They thrive for a few months and appear to be in the very best of health and buoyant spirits; then either a pulmonary disorder or dysentery sets in and death soon follows. I have observed many attempts to overcome this constitutional frailty of the antelope, notably those of "Buffalo Jones," a neighbor of my father's and one of my boyhood heroes, but all were unsuccessful. A few years ago one of the animal keepers at the Bronx Zoo, almost with tears in his eyes, told me that their last antelope had died a few months before, and that Mr. Hornaday had come to realize the futility of further attempts along this line. I believe that this inability to survive under moderate restraint does not apply to any other animal of North America. Certainly not to the buffalo, elk, or deer, for whose perpetuation so much has been done.

Immediate legislation, National or State, setting aside rather extensive areas as antelope ranges is therefore doubly desirable. The alternative, as tragic as it is indefensible, is complete extermination of one of nature's rarest and most interesting species.

E. O. Folsom.

Utica, New York.

## HABITAT—MONTANA!

As a reader of your excellent publication, The Outlook, I wish to bring to your notice an error. I refer to an article entitled "Good-by to Marshal Foch."

The error is made in the sentence, "He is accompanied by one wildcat presented by the State of Wyoming." The wildcat was a gift of appreciation from the people of Montana, and is symbolic of the Treasure State's love for a good and great man, Marshal Foch.

The wildcat, other than having the honor of being a Montana product, also enjoys the distinction of having been the first, if not only, "bobcat" to journey by airplane, having made the trip to Kansas City from Great Falls, Montana, in a cage strapped to the wing of a "plane." Graeme B. Baker.

Belgrade, Montana.

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## CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

E. V. LUCAS, who contributes to this week's issue of The Outlook an article on the bull-fight, is one of the best known of English novelists and essayists; among his most important books are "The Slow-coach," "Old Lamps for New," and "The Vermillion Box." He is the editor of one of the editions of the "Works of Charles and Mary Lamb."

CHARLES MOREAU HARGER has been editor of the Abilene daily "Reflector" since 1888. As president of the Reflector Publishing Company, director and lecturer of the Department of Journalism at the University of Kansas, and assistant secretary of the Republican National Convention—positions which he has held at various times—he has had his finger in most of the literary, journalistic, and political pies in Abilene. He has contributed extensively to the leading periodicals of the country, including the "Century," "Harper's Magazine," "North American Review," and the "Saturday Evening Post."

LILY HARDY HAMMOND, whose article in this issue tells of the fortunes of a Negro pastor who is a builder of trust and courage, is intensely interested in the colored race and has written and spoken frequently in advocacy of interracial justice and service. She is the author of "In Black and White" and "In the Garden of Delight," and is editor for the Southern Publicity Committee on Interracial Relations. This sketch, together with another to appear in an early issue of The Outlook, will be included in a forthcoming book, "In the Vanguard of a Race," by Mrs. Hammond, which will be published by the Council of Women for Home Missions and the Missionary Education Movement.

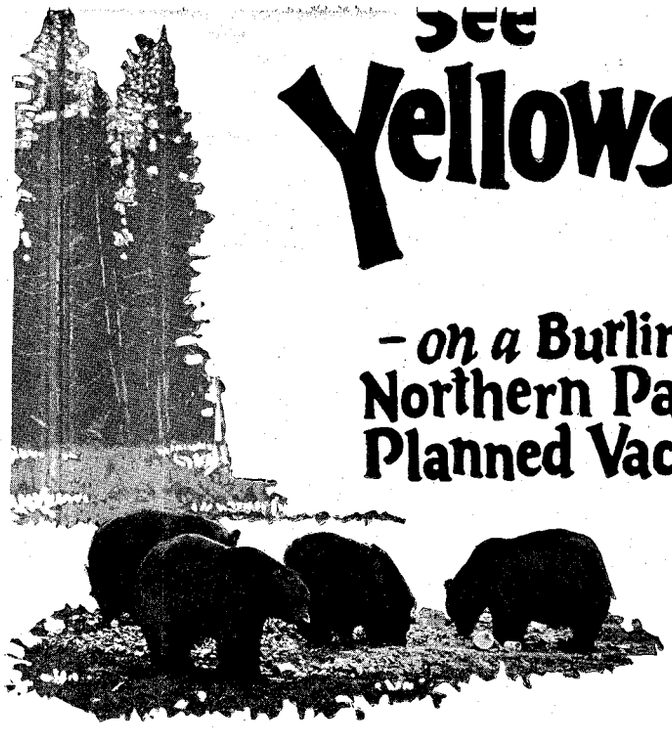
WILLIAM C. GREGG is president of the Gregg Company, Ltd., of Hackensack, New Jersey. At present Mr. Gregg is in Europe studying conditions and is sending special correspondence to The Outlook.

WILLIAM P. HELM, JR., newspaper man, hails from Virginia. He began his career as a journalist in the office of the Knoxville "Sentinel." Later he became a reporter and city editor of the Newark "Morning Star," and in 1911 a reporter on the staff of the Associated Press in New York and Washington.

FULLERTON WALDO is an editor of the Philadelphia "Public Ledger." He has been war correspondent in the Balkans and at the British and the American fronts, and Commissioner of the Near East Relief for Southern Russia and Asia Minor.

D. M. LE BOURDAIS has been sending to The Outlook from time to time special correspondence from Canada on various subjects.

THE name of Willard Wattles on The Outlook's list of contributors is not unfamiliar. Several poems by him have appeared in its pages.

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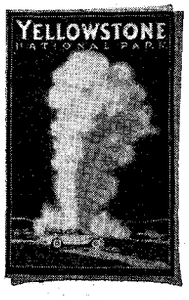


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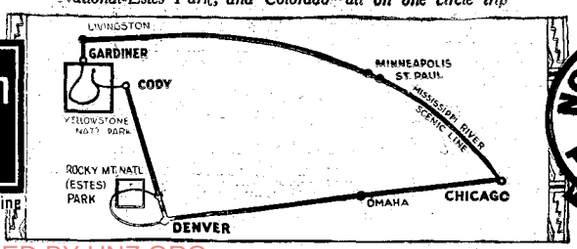


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WANTED, for Protestant institution in Connecticut, good, practical woman for social service work. Apply 1,208, Outlook.

WANTED, for head of boys' department in Connecticut Protestant institution, woman of ability and strong personality. Must understand and love boys. Apply 1,209, Outlook.

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LITERARY *assistant. Gentleman, author* fifty published stories, would assist writer or editor with work. 1,203, Outlook.

COMPETENT executive, trained librarian, research experience, desires interesting position. 1,206, Outlook.

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HIGH SCHOOL PRINCIPAL *desires summer* employment. J. S. Boughton, Angora, N. Y.

HOSTESS or house-mother for home where there are young girls. Trained, refined, and having home-making possibilities. 1,168, Outlook.

WANTED—A position for July and August in summer camp as housemother or assistant housekeeper by capable young Scotch woman of *experience and pleasing personality.* The best of references furnished upon request. 1,176, Outlook.

COMPANION-*housekeeper, fully capable* supervising household, including all accounts, personal and private, correspondence, ordering, etc.; open for position (present employer leaving city). Excellent references. 1,194, Outlook.

WOMAN of education and refinement *desires position as companion-secretary or* supervising housekeeper. Any position of trust in household. Highest references. 1,196, Outlook.

FRENCH GIRL, VASSAR graduate, desires summer position as traveling companion or tutor in French. 1,199, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER, hotel experience, desires position for summer season. 1,198, Outlook.

CORNELL *instructor wants traveling* companion position for summer. 1,136, Outlook.

AN educated, refined lady with knowledge of stenography and typewriting desires position as secretary or companion. References exchanged. Address 1,182, Outlook.

WANTED, by domestic science graduate, position as managing housekeeper in girls' school. Several years' experience. Excellent references. 1,186, Outlook.

YALE graduate, *student medical school,* wants summer work—chauffeur, tutoring, athletics, 900 Yale Station, New Haven.

EDUCATED, Protestant, American lady, 35, linguist, useful, wishes free trip across Atlantic for services, about June 1. Offers, 1,191, Outlook.

SECRETARY, companion, or traveling companion by Danish lady who speaks English and French fluently besides her own language. Expert typist and stenographer. Has held present responsible position for three years. Highest references. 1,201, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher desires traveling position or governess for summer. References. 1,197, Outlook.

YOUNG *lady, governess, wants position to* take entire care of one or two children; can teach them. Excellent references. Miss Maud Ransom, 118 East 70th St., New York.

COLLEGE girl, preparing to teach, wishes position for summer as nursery governess or companion and tutor. Fond of children, outdoor life. References exchanged. 1,204, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED private secretary desires position as social secretary or secretary-companion. Will travel. References. 1,207, Outlook.

WANTED—A position as housemother in boys' or girls' boarding school for the season of 1922-3, by woman of refinement, education, and ability. 1,217, Outlook.

# SITUATIONS WANTED

### Companions and Domestic Helpers

TRAVELING. American woman, experienced, cultured, sympathetic, speaking French, German, for lady, party, going abroad. Highest references. 1,214, Outlook.

FRENCH lady desires summer position as companion. Experience in teaching, painting, elocution. *Willing* to travel. Knowledge English. Highest American references. 1,216, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER-companion. German, French, knowledge Italian, little music and painting; industrious. Would travel. 1,213, Outlook.

MIDDLE-aged American lady would like management of gentleman's home. Experienced in care and supervision of children and young people. Will exchange references. 1,211, Outlook.

WANTED, by two refined young women, teachers, together or separately, positions as governess or companion in American families traveling abroad July, August. Expenses only. References. 1,215, Outlook.

CHRISTIAN gentlewoman, graduate nurse, experienced in secretarial work and household management, desires position as companion to elderly lady or semi-invalid. Highest references. 1,210, Outlook.

POSITION of trust with someone who is actively interested in humanity. Applicant is experienced secretary, companion, or could assist with household management. Country preferred. Highest references. 1,219, Outlook.

HOUSEMOTHER or housekeeper in girls' school. Experienced. 1,222, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher, capable, refined, *desires position as companion* or governess. References. 1,223, Outlook.

RESPONSIBLE, cultured woman would *care for home during family's absence for* living accommodations. 1,195, Outlook.

### Teachers and Governesses

YOUNG man, 44 years of age, 15 years' experience teaching Latin and history in private, high, and boarding schools, master's *degree University of Pennsylvania, will be* open for position of similar character or small college for ensuing year. Highest references. 1,153, Outlook.

EXPERT tutor, Latin and English, college preparatory or advanced work, New York City. 1,167, Outlook.

KINDERGARTNER, experienced, wishes summer work. 1,164, Outlook.

CULTURED, refined English woman, ten years' experience, desires position as child's nurse. Best of credentials. 1,200, Outlook.

COLLEGE girl desires position for summer months as governess and tutor in family of two or three children. Experienced with children of all ages. 1,186, Outlook.

*ENGLISH WOMAN (governess-teacher)* desires position for summer months. Music (piano, violin, harmony) and French. 1,188, Outlook.

YOUNG lady, collegian, with excellent knowledge of English, French, Latin, and other college courses, desires position as governess. Can also act as tutor. Highest references. Address Room 609, 665 Fifth Ave., New York City.

*TRAVELING* companion or chaperon-governess. Educated, experienced French lady, knowledge English; teaches French, German. References exchanged. 1,218, Outlook.

# MISCELLANEOUS

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WANTED—Defective people to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

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EXPERIENCED traveler wishes to chaperon small party to Europe. Lived abroad before war, also past three years. Capable arranging interesting trips. 1,224, Outlook

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## PUBLISHER'S NOTES

A SUBSCRIBER in Maine who abhors the "me-too" attitude of altogether too many readers toward their periodicals renews his subscription to The Outlook, and observes: "I notice that some of your subscribers are very free to criticise you, among the most numerous of the criticisms being that your editorials do not always agree with the preconceived notions of the critic. When I read these articles, I am always reminded of the story about a certain bishop who had a very intimate friend who was noted for the facility with which he agreed with every statement made by his companion. Another friend of the bishop, talking with him one day, made the remark that B—— was a very agreeable man. 'Yes,' replied the bishop, 'but I sometimes wish there were two of us.' The application of this story is that a magazine would be of very little use to me if it did not sometimes disagree with my ideas, and I value The Outlook for the reason that it does just that."

"A COUPLE of years ago I secured a renewal of The Outlook a dollar cheaper, by what I decided was not quite honorable means, so I am sending the money now," writes a reader whose letter is signed "An Ex-Subscriber." In order to show our appreciation of this charming exhibition of good faith, we shall be glad to present this reader with a year's subscription to The Outlook with our compliments, if he or she will disclose his or her identity.

"HOW many people, by the way, follow the excellent Book Table of this weekly?" asks the New York "Times" in its issue of February 26 in an article about The Outlook.

## A LAWYER ON THE MOONEY CASE

PERMIT me to call attention to some facts in the Mooney case which your editorial on the subject overlooks.

The explosion which killed ten innocent persons and injured about fifty was caused by a bomb contained in a suit-case, which was placed on the sidewalk of the street through which a procession was to pass. It had a time fuse and exploded. Mooney and Billings were suspected of the crime; their dwellings were searched; materials for making bombs were discovered in each, and among them a quantity of ball bearings, such as are used in making automobiles and bicycles, which were the missiles driven from the exploding bomb that killed the persons in the street. Mooney and Billings were not makers or repairers of automobiles or bicycles, and they could have had no legitimate use for these balls. A speedy investigation was made; thirteen Grand Jurors certified that, in their opinion, there was probable cause to believe these two men to be guilty, and thereupon they were placed on trial. Each was found guilty. Mooney was examined personally as a witness. The witnesses who it is now

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claimed committed perjury were also examined and cross-examined in open court. On page 656 of the Report the Court said of Mooney: "From the record before us it appears that the defendant was confronted by testimony from many sources which fully supports the verdict found by the jury. He was defended with great ability in the Superior Court, and he was similarly represented in this Court." Again, in the Report on 178 California, 525, the Court dwells on the thoroughness of the trial.

The testimony of Oxman to which you refer, though no doubt a factor in the evidence, was unnecessary. The evidence of guilt was ample without it. But Oxman was put to the test on the trial. He was examined and cross-examined by able counsel in the presence of the jury. His truthfulness was argued to the jury. They saw the man and heard his testimony. If they believed him, what right has any one now to say that he did not tell the truth then? The persistent propaganda of the labor union, which took up Mooney's case and which has expended great sums of money for his release, is quite equal to bribing men after the trial to change their testimony. Obviously a new trial now, six years after the murder, with witnesses scattered and not obtainable, would not be so reliable a method of getting at the real truth as the first trial.

In all the various attempts that have been made by his friends to obtain his release I fail to find the slightest attempt to bring to justice the parties who were really guilty. If there was any real desire on their part to have justice done, they would have aimed, not only to release their friend, but to punish those who were actually guilty.

Let us look at the case from another aspect. Suppose it were true that the witnesses who identified Mooney as one of the two men who carried the suitcase and put it down on the sidewalk were mistaken in their identification. If he procured others to do this, he was just as guilty of the crime as if he did it himself. There was a great deal of evidence, as stated by the Court, besides that of these particular witnesses, to show that he was a party to the murder.

It has for years been shown in various forms, to the discredit of justice in this country, that a large proportion of murderers escape punishment. The American Bar Association, through a committee of which I have for years been chairman, has successfully promoted the passage of legislation by which, in criminal as well as in civil cases, appeals should be decided on the merits, without regard to technical errors. Similar legislation exists in California and in many other States. The greatest difficulty we have had to encounter, and the most effective means by which criminals do escape, is the eagerness with which misguided persons ask clemency for the guilty. They forget entirely the old maxim, "The judge himself is condemned when the guilty escape."

EVERETT P. WHEELER.

New York.


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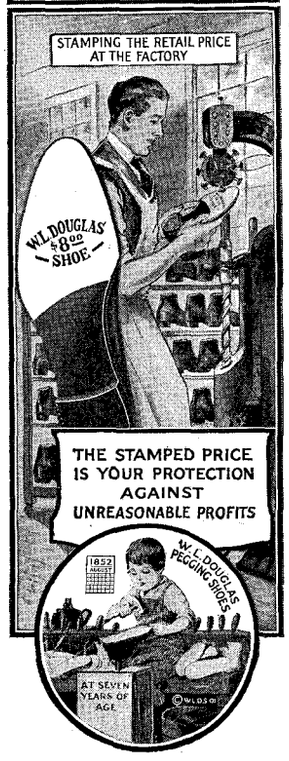
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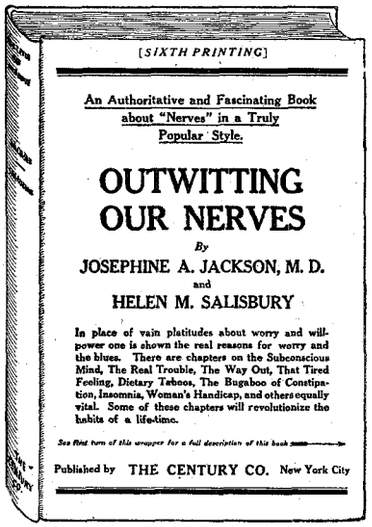
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(O-2)


# BY THE WAY

THE reported transmutation of tungsten into helium by means of intense heat has revived interest in the attempted transmutation of baser metals into gold by the alchemists. One of the experimenters in this direction was Casanova, the "prince of adventurers." His method is thus described by himself, in a document found among the papers of the Bastille after that celebrated prison was destroyed:

"You must take four ounces of good silver, dissolve it in aqua fortis, and then precipitate it with a copper blade; after which wash it in tepid water to separate the acids, then dry it well; mix it with half an ounce of sal ammoniac, and place it in a retort. After this take a pound of feather alum and a pound of Hungarian crystal, four ounces of copperas, four of native cinnabar, and two of sulphur. Place them in a cucurbite; put this on a four-blast furnace, with the fire heated to the fourth degree. Close the opening with a triple bladder," etc.

One of the ingredients of this precious hodgepodge was to be a *corps parfait*, but the composition of this "perfect body" was carefully omitted by Casanova, so that the recipe is valueless even to an alchemist.

After asking the usual questions about the health of the family, the visiting priest, an Irish paper says, began to question one of the little girls about her work at school. Finally he got to geography. "Now tell me, dear, what is a lake?" he asked. The child knitted her brows, then said, eagerly: "Plaze, yer riverince, it's a kettle wid a hole in it."

The late James Henry Ottley, former publisher of "McCall's Magazine," gave $100,000 to his fellow-workers when he retired in 1913. His tribute to their share in his success was generous and significant. He distributed this large sum, he said, "because no man can make a great success alone. He must have the help of others. My employees have been my helpers. It seemed unfair to leave the business and give them no share in its surplus earnings."

British postage stamps on letters received from Ireland come to America sur-stamped with Gaelic words which apparently stand for "The Irish Free State." In English the transliteration would be, we are informed, "Rialtas Sealadach na hEireann." Is it fair to suggest that the h placed before Eireann may be a concession to Cockneyism?

Mark Twain's highest ambition in life, as quoted in an interview with Douglas Fairbanks, was "to throw a raw egg into a revolving fan in a public restaurant." Douglas himself has his pet ambition; it is thus outlined, in his reported words: "A man just passed up Fifth Avenue with long whiskers, and I never see such an ornament that I do not want to touch a match to it." Both humorists seem to have been endowed with the complex that makes some men eager to throw a monkey-wrench into the machinery.

Under the heading "The Decline of Psychoanalysis" an English weekly remarks: "People are not talking about psychoanalysis quite as much as they were a year ago. It has had its little turn as a drawing-room amusement and a source of catchwords and intimate jokes, and now it is being pushed out by spooks and ectoplasm and astral selves, and other such old friends revived for new uses." Ectoplasm, it may be added, is technically defined as "The denser outer protoplasmic layer of a unicellular organism or cell without a cell-wall, as of an amœba or of certain ova." It is doubtful whether this formidable subject has provided material for drawing-room conversation in English society. "Ectoplasy" is perhaps the term meant; this is defined in the Standard Dictionary much more simply in one word, "Materialization," which of course aligns it with the kindred subject of "spooks."

The word "Chinaman," used innocently enough by many of us in referring to a native of the Celestial Empire, is said to be regarded as a very distasteful appellation by the Chinese themselves. "How would you like to be called an Americaman?" a Chinese is reported to have countered when addressed as a Chinaman. The trouble with the word "Chinese," preferred as descriptive of a native of China, is that it is also an adjective, and unless we say Chinaman we have no analogue for "Englishman," "Frenchman," "Welshman," etc.

Chicago plans to keep pace with New York City in the matter of hotels by erecting a twenty-five-story hotel on Michigan Boulevard at a cost of $12,000,000. Its most notable innovation will be an airplane landing, more than a block long, on the roof.

"Some of the citizens of Hollywood, Illinois," says the New York "Herald," "are talking about changing the name of that little suburb. They fear that the place will suffer because of the notoriety won by the California Hollywood. But names do not make places. The State of New York has two villages named Sodom, but their denizens tread the paths of virtue unafraid." Other places of doubtful reputation in antiquity, but of good repute in America, are: Nineveh, Corinth, Babylon, and Pompeii.

The various degrees of the color line were formerly drawn with much exactness in the West Indies, as indicated in an old law, with its curious names. These were: One-half black, mulatto; one-quarter, quadroon; one-eighth, octoroon; one-sixteenth, quinteroon; one 32d, griffada; one 64th, mustafee; one 128th, mustee; one 256th, sang d'or. The offspring of the sang d'or and a white person was regarded as white again, not Negro, and could not be held as a slave, the "black drop" being so thinned as to be considered negligible.

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